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MY LOVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY M. L. BOLLES BRANCH.

In Estheth a maiden dwells,
My heart's desire,
Her hair is gold, her eyes blue wells
Of love and fire.
I know so well how shyly sweet
Her life she meeteth,
I know just how in home or street
Kind eyes she greeteth.

High walls both her house for warden,
But behind it
Is a deep old fragrant garden;
Those who find it
Say there never grew such roses
Or such grand trees,
Oft I dream when calm day closes
These walks I see.

Oft she watches from her home
The evening star,
Dreaming how it shines in Rome
Or realms more far.
But her dreams come never, never
Hither to me,
Though I think of her forever
Naught knoweth she.

Once a stranger stopped to rest
With me an hour,
Drew her picture from his breast—
O, Love's sweet power
Bound me then forever fast!
Dear eyes and hair,
Dear winsome face at last
Shining on me there!

Only the rare lovely face,
Only a word,
And here in this far-off place
My heart is stirred.
She, where Estheth frowns high,
Never can know;
Ah, Love knows more than I
Why this is so!

MARY'S TRIAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. DENISON.

It was her only consolation—reading that letter on her knees—out of burning eyes from which no tears fell. She had reached the last page.

"So good-by, my darling, and remember, if I fail, I have bequeathed you to my country. All I fear is, that being such a tender little nursing, you will not have the courage to seek for aid in any extremity. I am almost sorry you and your mother came to New York. It is not a good place for poor people; but I hope the little sum I sent you will be well managed. Keep up heart, my dear; in whatever circumstance you are placed stand by the principles I have endeavored to inculcate. God helping me I have tried to leave an honest name. But why should I hint at fear? Surely, surely if I am taken from you in some good way you will be kept from want. Pray for me, Mary, in a few hours I shall be in the thick of the fight."

How often had she read that letter! It comforted her sick mother so to hear it! Sobbing, and with dry eyes, now pressing her palms upon a burning forehead, that young stranger alone in an untidy place.

O! yes, the money had been well managed; but God knows with bitter tears. It had paid for the long illness of that fragile figure lying there in the shadow of the room, in the darker shadow of death. And there was quite enough for the funeral expenses, quite enough, but it would take the uttermost farthing, and how should she pay for the two weeks' rent?

If they had only been in kinder hands," she cried out, rising and leaning against the window that overlooked a dismal court, where the rain dripped from the houses, and the gutter streamed with fire, thinned by the storm; but this Mrs. Carboy—this horrible landlady with her horrible, sneering smile, and her keen black eyes that stabbed the girl at a glance and left her strengthless.

"My God, my God! hast Thou forsaken me!"

The cry was full of anguish wrought of extreme fear and gloomiest foreboding. That cruel paragraph, a week before, had stunned her for a time, deadened feeling, left her an automaton with only strength enough to wait on the failing wants of her mother. To-day she was fatherless, and that white form stretched out, attired by maternal hands for the grave, was all that was left of her mother.

O! what shall I do? where shall I go? A hard knock startled her. She turned, suddenly calm—white and cold, and opened the door—scarcely suppressing a shriek as the plain coffin was brought in and laid on the table. O! and she had eaten bread on that table, never thinking it might bear such a burden as this.

The undertaker looked at her curiously. He was a coarse man outwardly, but of a tender nature as befitting those who have dealings with the dead—always grieving by virtue of the hearts that loved and the tears that fall for them.

"Well, miss," he said softly, "it came to me that I told Mrs. Carboy yesterday. You shan't be worried any more than I can help,



GATHERING COCHINEAL IN ALGERIA.

Every one knows that the little insect called the cochineal furber, when its body has been dried and reduced to powder, a coloring matter of a beautiful red, peculiar to itself. This circumstance has saved the cochineal from the persecution to which so many other kinds of insects have been devoted by the hand of man. In hot climates, in which the cochineal insect delights, it has been preserved, and is cultivated as an article of commerce. This is how the cochineal is reared in Mexico:—An open piece of land is chosen, protected against the west wind, and of about one or two acres in extent. This is surrounded with a hedge of reeds, planted in lines, distant from each other about a yard, with cuttings of cactus at most about two feet apart. The cactus garden made, the next thing is to establish it in cochineal. With this object in view they are sought in the woods, or else the

females of the cochineal insect which are gravid are taken off plants which have been sheltered during the winter, and placed in doses, in nests made of coarsened fibres, or in little plastered baskets made of the leaves of the cactus palm, and hung on the prickles of the cactus. These are very soon covered with young larvae. The only thing now required to be done is to shelter them from wind and rain.

The larvae are changed into perfect insects, which take up their abode permanently on the branches of the cactus, as our engraving represents. The Mexicans gather them as soon as they have reached the perfect state. The harvest cannot be difficult, considering the immobility of these little creatures. When collected, the cochineals are killed, packed in wooden boxes, and sent to Europe, to be used in dyeing.

The circumstances attending the birth of

the cochineal insect are very curious. The larvae are born in the dried-up body of their dead mother, the skeleton of their mother serving them as a cradle. This happens thus:—The eggs are attached to the lower part of the mother's body. When the abdomen of the mother is empty, its lower side draws up towards the upper side, and the two together form a pretty large ovary. When the mother dies, which is not long in happening, her abdomen dries up, her skin becomes horny, and forms a sort of shell. It is in this membranous cradle that the larvae of the cochineal insect are born. The cochineal insect in its wild state lives in the woods. But it can without difficulty be reared artificially. In 1853, in the province of Algiers alone, there were fourteen *no-paleries*, or cactus gardens, containing 61,500 plants, although the insects were first introduced into Algeria, as late as 1831.

bein's you're in such trouble," and he wiped his forehead with an immense handkerchief. "I'll gladly give in my services, and I think I'll get a couple o' dollars off the grave. You'll not want more'n an carriage with the horse—then's what costs most—but I'll see to that, too. We'll be easy with you, miss."

"Thank you," faltered Mary.

"And now if you've got any where to go me and my man 'll put the body in."

"I—I think I'll stay," murmured Mary, the room suddenly going round. "Don't mind," as she sank into a seat; "it's only a little faintness; it will pass away in a moment."

"A bit o' camphire," murmured the man.

"It's gone," said Mary, bravely looking up with eyes whose sadness cut him to the heart, he told his wife afterwards.

Alone! a bitter word, as those have felt returning to the home of luxury, weeping under expensive wraps—surrounded by sympathizing friends—how doubly bitter to Mary after that poor funeral! Mrs. Carboy had gone—a ride and a change of air she thought would do her good, so she foisted her vulgar presence upon the one poor mourner. Mrs. Carboy's notes and a frowny young man who called his mother the old woman, and who had taken a desperate liking to poor Mary sat on the opposite seat, staring hard every time the white, sweet face became dimly visible under the thick veil.

"I'd like to know what she's got to do!" muttered Mrs. Carboy, stirring her tea vigorously that evening at supper.

Jim Carboy thought for a moment, sprang from the table, and hurried up stairs. Presently he returned, almost purple.

"I asked her to come down to tea, but she wouldn't," was his answer to the inquiring glances.

"She!" marveled his cousin; "the idea! that proud thing!"

"She ain't proud," was the half-ferocious rejoinder. "Humph—cause she's delicate and pretty—she's proud, eh?"

"Jim, how you do take up for her!" cried his mother. "I never!"

"Who cares?" and Jim cut his bread defiantly on the tablecloth. "I say who cares? And I'd like to see her put upon, that's all."

"And I'd like to see her pay the rent," sniffed Mrs. Carboy.

"I'll pay the rent—don't you worry, old woman."

A faint shriek stopped the progress of Nancy Carboy's bread and butter.

"Don't choke, Nance," growled Jim Carboy, "or you'll spile a respectable bride-maid."

"You don't mean," gasped his mother, putting down her knife and fork, pushing herself back, staring aghast.

"Don't I? Well, pray I don't—and then again, it's likely I do. Either way, I'm my own master, I should hope. Never knew to the contrary before twenty-one, and now in the liquor business don't respect—well I should hope so."

He told her so for a month, at the end of which he made his proposal, and was rejected. It was not in the heart of Mary Reynolds to wound the meekest nature; but his offer came so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that she recoiled and did not hide the disgust with which he had inspired her. No in that moment, she made a bitter, vulgar, relentless enemy.

They had been in New York six months when her mother died. The moving had cost more than they had calculated; and not long after her mother's illness commenced, poor Mary had found her way to the pawnshop—that living tomb, with a grave seat on each bundle. There she has passed many a useful article; and when her father's remittance reached them, Mary had but one decent dress left. All the money was sorely kept for the fees and the funeral.

And Mary was left up in that dark, miser-able room, to fight with poverty as best she could. She hunted for work, obtained some—but the merchants of New York have hard hearts and grasping hands. The pittance only kept her in food. How she bore sometimes the pang of hunger—put up with the insults of the people under whose roof she lived—weep and prayed for death—strove with the energy of a proud spirit in a frail body to conquer circumstances, and failed hopelessly—only God and the pitying angels knew. She was a timid creature. Her father had been by nature a gentleman—he had prided himself upon the gentleness and beauty of his little woman—daughter—her graceful ways had been in lines of pictures and the luxuries which a refined taste craved.

But alas! in this struggle with poverty how was she coming out?

"If you had had my Jim!" Mrs. Carboy reiterated, "you needn't have come to this."

Mary hid her face with a little shuddering cry.

"Oh! you're my fine lady, of course—we all know that. We'll feel—making a profound courtesy—that we're not good enough for—you—you beggar!" The hard, coarse passion getting the ascendancy.

"It wasn't that, Mrs. Carboy," and Mary shuddered again. "I—don't love him; I couldn't make any one happy, I didn't love."

"That's fudgery. Come—I've borne with this about long enough. Your mother's been dead four months, and it's coming winter. You haven't paid any rent this five weeks; and I want the room."

"Mrs. Carboy!" cried Mary, chokingly, "haven't I given up almost all the furniture?"

"Worth nothing! just worth nothing; wouldn't bring five dollars at auction—the whole on it. Besides, you're going into rage, anybody can see. You don't look respectable."

"Because I've sold everything to pay you," moaned the poor girl.

"Come, now, I won't have that. No impudence. Don't you accuse me of making you disreputable. I've did my best by you. Jim offered to have you—and he'd have took care of you, handsome. You'd lived like a lady; and his poor mother'd been in the background. Well, you heard—I want the room—do you hear?"

"Oh! my God!" gasped Mary; "will you turn me into the street?"

"Oh! you'll find a home, with your face. As for me, I've been shilly-shallying long enough; I'm done with it. I tell you I want my room."

Mrs. Carboy moaned and shivered.

"Go—go—you wicked woman," she cried, grown desperate; and the hardhearted creature started back, frightened by the glare in the girl's hungry gray eyes.

"This very night—remember!" she threatened as she left.

Mary shut the door. When she turned to the light, a hard, almost evil expression settled upon the girlish face. She stood still a moment, staring at vacancy—her hands coming slowly together, clasping, the veins showing rigid and blue; then she drew her breath hard, and her hand fell at her side.

"Hags!"—the sound coming from between set teeth—picking at the scant folds of her gown; "yes, she saw them coming. They gave me one—only I've patched, and patched. And now I'm not fit to go on the street—no—fearful; absolutely not decent. Who would do anything for me—a beggar? Why I have to leave money when I take work at a real place—where's my money? I've sold everything that could be pawned. I've no friends—they hate me here—hate me! I've a fierce gesture—because I'm not one of them. And I can't be; oh! God, I cannot be!" the cry ended in a miserable wail, sobbing, and hysterical.

"And my father died for his country," murmured hollowly—ending with a sob more violent than the others.

"Oh! father—father! if you could see me now! your Mary—your little Mary you loved and fondled so! ragged, cold, hungry, homeless; oh! father! father! father!" She threw herself on her knees, bending to and fro in absolute agony. Suddenly she dashed the tears away—her face grew like stone.

"Yes, I will—I will! God pity me. He sees to what extremities I am reduced, I

will! To be there!—to feel father's arms about me—to lay my head on mother's bosom—on! the grave is not cold, not cruel; only human hearts are cold—rising and groping forward like one blind. "I remember I put it here,"—fumbling in the closet—"never thinking of this! Yes, here it is!" and again the low laugh of incipient delirium rang out. She lifted the veil. It looked blood red in the waning light. "They'll find me gone"—laughing again—"but they won't dare put me in the street then. No, no."

The little veil was labelled "Laudanum." There was enough to send the chill of death through those throbbing veins. The cork was in her hand—the veil approaching her lips. At that second, something which had been placed upon a corner of the shelf, stirred by some sudden jar, fell. The book, for it was that, remained open, and her father's letter, that had slipped from between the pages, showing only the words in his bold handwriting, "My Dear Daughter," rustled at her feet.

That saved her—for a moment she saw his honest, handsome face troubled with disquiet and horror. Following the impulse that rushed over her soul, she dashed the bottle to the floor, fell upon the table near which she stood, which the coffin of her dead mother had hallowed, and wept bitterly.

An hour after that she was calm again. She had read the letter of that dear father—she had wept over the words,

"In whatever circumstances you are placed, stand by the principles I have endeavored to inculcate."

And one of these was, trust in God. Dark as the path seemed before her, she was sure that she never should wander again.

The poor bunnet was laid on—it was empty of flowers, no lace—so tired of soft, costly ribbon shaded it—all that had been stripped off, and it was very shabby. No was the shawl, long since given up as wearing apparel, but it must do now. Gloves she had none—shoes, I had almost said she had none. They were scarcely worthy of the name, those thin, frayed things—only held together here and there.

"And he died for his country!"

The better thought would come. She went first to the house of the minister who prayed at her mother's funeral. He had said he would come again—would find some kind heart that would interest itself in the soldier's orphan. But he never came. Likely he had forgotten, and she had shrunk from applying to him.

A stolid servant came to the door.

"Is Mr. Phillips in?" timidly folding the miserable shawl over her cold hands.

"Mr. Phillips, child—why he's been dead this three months or more. Got the fever tending to some low creeter. He always would—and seeing the girl stopped back, she shut the door in her face and hurried away."

It was dark. Mary walked on, sick at heart, shivering with the intense cold. The lights streaming along the wet pavements seemed to mock her.

"Is there any lodging house where I can sleep for a few pence?"

The night watchman turned sharply.

"You—? The world were cut short at one glance. 'How came you here?'"

"I've no home, sir."

"Where are your friends?"

"I haven't any!"

"Humph!"

"I'm very cold. I'd go anywhere to get warm." Her teeth chattered.

Still he was suspicious.

"Do to look into this case a little, though," he muttered. "There's a cellar at Mulberry street. It's safe, or it is—so here— with a sudden thought—'come to the station-house, no—to-morrow. I'll have a little talk with you, and if you're honest—'"

Mary broke from him, wild with pain, frozen at the implication. She walked many squares—not cold now. Oh! no, very warm, glowing even, and if her teeth chattered, it was not the cold—no, not the cold.

Somebody guided her to Mulberry street, a wicked, ragged urchin, mocking her as he spoke. She found it, ran down the rough steps, raking her neck, they were so slippery, entering the foul den, where all along were holes in the wall, and matted hair and dirty hands hung over or showed back above the foul coverings.

"You'll have a bed?"

The woman, hag though she was, a vicious, stony-hearted, sour-faced vixen, yet felt some shadow of pity as she met the haggard eyes.

"Can't I sit up?" asked Mary. "I only want to get out of the cold and rain."

"Well, you might do better than this, I think. How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"I don't think you was fifteen. Lord! you might do better than this."

"I couldn't get work—they thrust me on the street."

"Work!" The woman laughed a low, wicked laugh. "Well, down with you—there's a bench."

They came streaming in. Heavens! what a crew, unshaved, unshorn, the very brand of hell on their faces. Women who had to all outward semblance of womanhood, beggars with wailing children suffering under tortures inflicted for the sole purpose of wheeling money out of the passer-by, young girls stamped with crime, laughing, shouting, blaspheming.

And Mary sat there in a dull stupor, seeing this reeking mass troop by her—now

shivering, now burning, and yet never tinged by the heat of the sun.

The proprietor of the place came on again.

"Be you hungry, child?" she asked.

"I don't know," I thought I was before I came out—I haven't eaten anything to-day."

Whether for good or evil let God judge, but the woman was prompted to help this forlorn child.

"Come out here," she said; "look! how hot your hand is!" and she led her through the filthy atmosphere to where a green basin

door swung back at her touch, revealing a room with some pretensions to comfort.

"You see I was eating myself. There! drink that," pouring out some tea, and shuddering at the timid gratitude in Mary's eyes;

"and after you've eat some of it, there's a better bed for ye. I see you ain't used to this sort."

A moment after the night-watchman passed this den, and peered down.

"I tell you what, wife," he said the next day, "I saw a girl I'd a mind to take home last night, poor thing."

"From the street?"

"Yes, there was something in her eyes that haunted me—wish I had."

"Well I don't—that Irish knows just how to work on a man's sympathy. Couldn't on mine."

"But she wasn't that sort, I'd take my oath. Great God! if it had been our Alice!"

"Don't speak of her in the same breath with a tramp, George," said his wife, angrily.

Morning came, and the mass of corruption began to stir in the den in Mulberry street.

The proprietor was up betimes, and took a look at the strange girl she had befriended.

"Is the girl dead?" she muttered.

Very like death was the motionless figure; very like death a tinge of color on the quiet face, dipping even out of the lips. She slept so soundly, too.

"She's not dead. I'm glad of that, poor thing!" with a low laugh of satisfaction;

"because she'd been on my hands, and it's had enough to have 'em the other way with the life in 'em. But a body has to get a living, and where else would they go?"

"Ay," and she touched her on the arm, shook her heavily. The girl opened her eyes as if with an effort.

"Come, it's time you was up; they're all gone."

Mary started.

"You won't let them take the letter?"

"What letter?"

"Father's letter; he died for his country, you know."

"Oh! why no—seems to me"—with another shake, "you're out o' head."

"I'll get up—I'll—"

"Here's a case," muttered the woman, "sick on my hands. That comes of being tender-like, goes out of the way to be kind. Never did it in my life, but I got paid this 'ere way. Joke to a black boy skulking in the den, shaking up the wretched beds."

"Mum?"

"Go to the gov'nor and tell him there's a girl for the hospital here, and she must go straight. You hear?"

"Ye'm." And off went the boy.

An hour later and poor Mary lay in the hospital ward, nursed by gentle hands.

"You would come, mother," said the doctor, a grave young man in spectacles as he escorted a middle-aged woman through the ward.

"Upon my word, John, I didn't think it would be such a miserable strain upon my sympathies."

"I told you so."

"But what sweet face is that, eh?" holding her glasses up.

"A girl, only seventeen, I think." The doctor looked at her professionally.

"Dangerous?"

"Her days are numbered."

"O! John!" the gold-rimmed glasses grew dim; "the pretty, pretty creature!"

"Yes, both pretty and good. See, here is something they found on her."

Mrs. Wrentham took the letter to a window opposite. When John went over there she could not speak, but her handkerchief was busy, very busy, and very wet. The gold eye-glasses dangled by their cord.

"O! John—I'm ashamed!—why—you read this!" speaking with difficulty.

"I did," his voice a shade graver.

"The poor, suffering child, John!"

"Well, madam?"

"You're not—not going to let that girl die?"

"How can I help it?"

"She must not die, John—I believe I shall feel hard towards you if she does. Her youth—her strength must carry her through. Ah! the poor man—dead, of course—and such a beautiful letter! John, I tell you what! the country that he died for may not care for her—but—so sure as she lives—I will; do you hear, John?"

"Yes, madam, that from you is as good as an oath."

"And—you—you'll try your best?"

"All that human skill can do shall be tried in her case."

"You're so—so sympathetic, John!" and the handkerchief went to work again. She did not see the sudden look of intense pain that crossed the face of her reticent doctor.

And youth and strength did triumph. Mary was convalescing—not in the hospital ward, but in the beautiful, sunny room, where birds and flowers brightened the windows. They had taken her there as soon as she could bear the change. And the grave young doctor seemed to like it, though he had hardly seconded his mother's wish.

"O! if I had lost trust in God again!" Mary shuddered as she told her sad little story.

"You would never have been my daughter," said a soft voice, and a kiss fell on her forehead.

There were years of study and preparation first, but Mary sits in her own home to-day, the treasured wife of Dr. Wrentham.

THE WHALE FISHERY.—Year by year this industry is declining in this country. The catch was small for 1870, and prices for oil and whalebone have been depressed.

Whale and sperm oils have now to compete with petroleum and Cotton Seed oil.

THE STRONGEST VEGETABLE FIBRE known is said to be that of New Zealand flax. It has sword-like leaves, ten or twelve feet in length. It is used by the settlers for binding their sheaves, fastening their gates, tying up their horses, and in almost every possible way.

REYNOLDS has visited Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. He was received in a very friendly manner.

Going to India for a Rich Husband.

One of the most attractive girls I ever knew was Louisa Bellamy. And for a short while I saw a good deal of her, for she went out to Bombay in the "Bengal," East India man, of which ship I was then chief officer.

Her family and mine were old friends, so that she and I were not strangers. The Bellamys were well-connected, but very poor—taking into consideration the position to which they of right belonged, and their large family—two sons and eight daughters. Louisa was the youngest of all.

The boys entered the East India Company's service, and had been fortunate. Charles, the eldest, especially so. Circumstances helped him to his majority very early, and he had married a rich girl soon after his arrival in India. From thenceforward he had lived in first-rate style, and helped his family. Every one of his sisters had been sent to him successively, and he had contrived to find a good "part" for each. All had married well, and most of them were settled in India.

Louisa's turn was the last to come. Like her sisters she was shrewd and clever, well able to take care of herself and to make the most of opportunities. From her earliest childhood she had been trained to look upon a good marriage—that is, a wealthy one—as a young lady's chief end and aim in life; and that this end was only to be attained by going out to India. Ever since she could remember, her home had seemed to be in a chronic state of excitement and turmoil consequent on the successive gettings-off of her elder sisters for the land of promise. After each departure her mother had suffered under a continued attack of fits and anxiety until the news came to her of the longed-for desirable engagement. No wonder that a rich husband formed the main point in Louisa Bellamy's creed. Her turn had come now. She was going to India to get married. And she meant to marry well.

Mrs. Bellamy kept up her admonitions to the last. "Louisa, mind; mind again and again," she reiterated on the eve of the departure; "your sisters have all done well, but you will do better. You are by far the best-looking of them all, and have only to play your cards well. I think I need not caution you against falling in love with a poor man; love is very well in its way, but married poverty is awful. You have been reared to know this. Never, never make a fool of yourself in that manner."

Louisa quite laughed at the charge; in her case it sounded so utterly needless.

"Never fear, mamma," were her parting words, spoken emphatically. "I know. I'll take care of myself. See if I don't make a position worth all their put together. Trust me for that. It shall not be far inferior to that of the wife of the Governor-general."

"Heaven bless you, my dear!" returned the happy mother. "You were always my favorite child, Louisa, and I have ever looked forward to your welfare in life."

What Louisa Bellamy dreamed of that last night, I cannot tell. Before falling asleep she lay for some time wrapt in visions of a palace, with hosts of black servants in and about it. Carriages, horses, company, music, dancing, jewels, pomp and state; each held a place in the panorama. And in the midst of it all, she herself, figured conspicuously, the reigning queen.

On the departure of the Bengal, we towed down to Gravesend, and anchored. Two days were spent there in getting ready for sea, and receiving the passengers with their piles of luggage. It was a fine morning in February when we started finally on our voyage. The wind was north-west, blowing a steady breeze. We soon had all sail set, and boxed along merrily down past the "Nore," and so on.

Going down Channel I saw but little of the passengers. A ship just leaving home, especially with a fresh crew, gives the officers, and more particularly the chief, plenty of occupation. By the time we reached Madeira, things had got into good working order, and I had a little spare time. The weather was constantly fine; none of the passengers had been ill. They had had ample time to get intimate; which, as a rule, is what people quickly do when going a long voyage together. We carried about thirty, of which some two-thirds were ladies; one or two had children with them. They all seemed very nice, and we got on well.

Of the men passengers one in particular gained my liking, more than all the rest. Perhaps his name, George Armstrong, may have had something to do with the first attraction. It was that of an old school chum, who had died, with whom, as a boy, I had been very intimate. This George Armstrong was a frank, gentlemanly, handsome fellow, six feet high, with a pair of shoulders to match. His face, with its habitual good-tempered expression, was handsome itself; showing also good sense and ability. He had come out about third at the examination for a commission, and was now going on as lieutenant in the Engineers. A smart, pushing fellow, who would in time make a name for himself, if not knocked over by a cannon-ball. Many have been, mark you.

George Armstrong had nothing but his pay and a small private income of fifty pounds a year. After all, this is not so great a misfortune; perhaps the contrary; for a clever, steady young man in India, if he has it in him, the very fact of his being obliged to work for a position, spurs him on to exertion; and he often rises far beyond those who start with money, and are content to vegetate and take life easily. Armstrong grew to be a favorite on board the Bengal, and he and I struck up a real friendship. He took a fancy to me, just as I did to him.

The days on board passed very pleasantly. One had not time to feel ennui. Every hour had its occupation or amusement. Bathing and coffee in the morning; breakfast at nine o'clock; till at noon; dinner at four; tea at seven. It seemed like one continual meal. At eight o'clock the steward put wine on the table, with cakes and such light things. During the day the ladies read, sewed, practised music, played with the children, and found various other pastimes. The men smoked, read, played quads, and fired at bottles suspended from a stunsail-boom end. Often we had a ship in sight; sometimes a homeward-bounder. There would be plenty of signalling, of answering and asking eager questions on both sides. In fine light weather we once or twice boarded another ship, seven or eight of the passengers going in the boat. As for fish, we caught plenty, including several sharks. These also afforded much amusement, and earned not a little reprobation to the ladies when they came to take a near view of the shark's floundering on the deck. There was a rubber in the evenings for those who cared about it, sometimes a round game; Pope Joan, or ring-et-ut. Chess also; singing;

music; once or twice a week dancing on the poop—a fine, large poop, was that of the Bengal. But the favorite amusement in the warm still nights of the tropics, was the delirious lingering on this same poop, walking, sitting, and chatting.

Several young ladies on board were in the same position as Miss Bellamy—going out to their friends in the hope of getting well married. It is a kind of institution with us, you know, this going out. Nearly all were under the captain's charge, and he looked after them pretty well. Most of the men were in the army; the gallantry of such is proverbial, and there was a very fair amount of small flirting done. Louisa Bellamy was a very adept at the game. She turned the heads of half the men with her arch, winning manners, and her natural attractions. Armstrong was undoubtedly the favorite with every lady on board. It was clear as the day that each one looked best pleased when he was her cavalier. Perhaps it was from seeing this that Miss Bellamy laid her self out to attract him. She certainly did so. For a long time he took it all for what it was worth, and tried to pay her off in kind. With him, however, it grew into something deeper. But she was proof against all his shafts, and only laughed at him.

And so the ship sailed on, the time flying by. So pleasantly did it pass, that we were well down South and across the S.E. trades before any one began to talk of getting to the Cape. The weather kept fine; the evening promenades were continued, as well as the flirting; and Mr. Armstrong was invariably the companion of Miss Bellamy. In short, it was, with him, the old story; he played with edged tools, and cut his fingers.

One night I was keeping the first watch, walking fore and aft the poop, when he came up and turned about with me. I thought I'd rally him.

"Well, Armstrong, so you're in for it at last!"

"Pooh! nonsense!" returned he, turning as red as a crimson sunset.

"It is useless your trying to deceive me, man—and perhaps yourself also. I see it all plainly."

"Well, upon my word, I believe it is as you say, old fellow," he acknowledged, coming round. "I can't help myself."

"Now, Armstrong, look here—take a fool's advice. Don't let the fancy go on. Get out of it while you can. Depend upon it, you will only be wasting your time and love upon her. She is a charming girl; I believe a truly good girl; but she knows how to take the best care of herself. She is going out to India, as her sisters all did before her, to find a rich husband."

"You know her people, don't you?"

"Yes, I know them. And I know the creed they have brought her up in. Believe me, Armstrong, Louisa Bellamy will never look seriously on a poor man like you."

"I suppose you are right," he said, after a pause. "I have thought all along that she was only amusing herself with me. It's this: she attracts a man against his will. But I'll cut the matter short from to-night."

Towards morning the weather changed. The wind hauled into the south-east, and came on to blow. For two days we had a strong gale with a heavy cross sea, and the ship was kept under a good deal. The passengers showed up very little. This was the first bad weather experienced, and many of them were quailish and kept to their state-rooms. Armstrong and Miss Bellamy were among the few who could remain about, as usual. He seemed to be keeping to his determination, for he did not speak to her more than common civility demanded; and when in the cuddy, always seated himself at a safe distance.

But this could not last. The ice in George Armstrong's bosom melted; his good nature gave way. When fine weather returned, and the evening walks were resumed, he and Miss Bellamy were again promenading the poop-side by side. And, all this time, was she smiling? Not one bit, that I could detect; and I watched her closely. I felt sure that I had taken her true estimate; she was of the world, worldly.

Some two months after leaving England we made the Cape. The weather was fine, and the ship put into Table Bay. Ostensibly for water, for meat and vegetables; in reality to afford the passengers an opportunity of seeing the place and having a run on shore. They had great fun. I only wish I had been with them; but we had sprung a teapot and sustained some other damage shortly before, and I had to remain on board to look after the refitting. Table Bay was left after a sojourn of two days. The weather was fine, the wind southerly and moderate. The next day but one, breakfast being ended, and most of the passengers assembled on the poop, some of the men began fishing over the stern for Cape pigeons and shorebirds. The ship was going about five knots with the yards braced up. I stood looking on at the fishing, and then went forward to the fore-castle ladder, when there was a loud cry from the helmsman.

"Man overboard!"

Of all the different calls on board ship in moments of sudden danger this is, to me, the most startling and impressive. It sends through me a peculiar thrill, and imparts a feeling of undefinable dread and gloom that no other cry does. I have, unfortunately, heard it often. I have also heard nearly all the others from "Breakers under the bows" to "Fire." But none ever so painfully impressed me as that of "Man overboard."

"Man overboard!" How instantaneously the cry was caught up and echoed by twenty voices! What a state of panic and confusion the passengers were in! All the crew came on deck in an instant: even they who had been in their bunks.

"Where?" I cried, bounding back to the poop, and running aft. "Who is it?"

Armstrong. Mr. Armstrong.

"Hard down the helm, hard down, my lad!" I said as I seized a life-buoy and threw it as far as I could towards where he was paddling about in the water, a hundred and fifty yards astern. Although the buoys were close at hand, strange to say, nobody had thought of throwing one overboard. The one I threw did not go thirty yards from the ship.

"Hard down the helm. All hands on deck. Let go the main-ack and bowline, main-sheet; back the main yard. Mr. Green, take four hands with you and clear away the small life-buoy; get into her and lower away as soon as you're ready. Jones," to a midly, "jump up into the mizen-top and keep your eye on the man overboard."

In a very short time the ship was stopped, and the boat travelling as fast as four good men could pull her, towards the place where Armstrong could be seen from aloft swimming about. Unfortunately he had not reached the life-buoy. It was now a question

of how long he could keep up. The weather was fine, and the water comparatively smooth; but there was a good deal of swell on.

One good thing, it was daylight. If he were only a tolerably good swimmer there was a fair chance of his being saved. But—could he swim well? None of us knew!

It was a most anxious time. The suspense was terrible. Most of the passengers, certainly all the ladies, were literally in fear and trembling for a human life. Presently, Jones sang out from the mizen-top: "It's all right; the boat sees him. They are pulling straight for him." A minute or two later, the youngster was at my elbow on the deck, very much to my astonishment, for I had not seen him come down.

"What the deuce are you doing here? Did I not send you into the mizen-top to keep a look-out on the boat and the man in the water?"

"I saw the boat pulling straight for him, sir, so I thought I might come down."

"Did you see him taken into the boat?"

"No, sir."

"Then you ought to have stayed up."

We could only wait the boat's approach. All hoped and expected that he had been picked up, but no one was sure of it. He might have gone down, exhausted, just as the boat was getting to him. A few minutes would solve the question.

Louisa Bellamy was on the poop with the others. For the first time I observed something which told me that she too, perhaps, might have had her feathers scorched from fluttering too near the flame. There was no mistaking it; she was profoundly agitated; her distress was real and very great, though she strove to hide it.

The boat was returning. Had they found him? "Yes," said one, "I can count six. No—stop a bit. It's only five. Armstrong's lost."

"No; he is saved," said the captain, "for I see him. Thank God." And with the good words there arose a sudden commotion and flutter.

What the matter with Miss Bellamy? Oh, dear! Miss Bellamy had fainted!

It was true. They had to catch her as she was falling. The strain on the nervous system had been too great. Nothing was thought of it; she soon revived, laughed it off, and calked herself stupid for fainting "at such a trifle."

At the boat came alongside, and Armstrong scrambled up the side ladder, grinning. His appearance, to say the least of it, was not elegant. Having divested himself of boots, coat and vest, while in the water, he now appeared on the scene in a wet shirt and pantaloons that clung about him in folds as plain as a sheet.

Down he dived to his cabin; and a stiff glass of brandy, and a heavy rub down. Meanwhile the boat was hoisted up, the sails were trimmed, and the ship kept on her course.

The weather continued fine; and in a few days we entered the Mozambique Channel. Here we got a fine S.E. wind which sent us bounding along nine or ten knots, with stunsails set and aloft.

All this time Mr. Armstrong and Miss Bellamy seemed to go on as usual. He was content and demonstrative in his attention. In fact, it was plain to every one on board how matters were with him. She, on the contrary, appeared as indifferent as ever, and teased him like a child. Sometimes I fancied this indifference was only a-sumed; but, if so, it was cleverly done. Events, however, were bringing on a crisis.

We had left the Cape about ten days. One evening, just at eight o'clock, I was relieved from watch. The stewards had placed the usual grog and wine on the table, and I went into the cuddy. The captain was seated in his state-room—the after one—a smart spread out before him. He called me in.

"You have the middle watch, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, at midnight when you come on deck, take all the stunsails in, and haul her up a couple of points. Keep a good look-out for the island. It's very low, so the chances are that you'll not see anything of it."

"Very good, sir."

And I had just begun a game at chess in the cuddy when the captain called me back again.

"Oh, look here, Mr. W——, I think you need not mind about the stunsails. I'll alter the course a point at once; that ought to take us well clear. However, you can keep a sharp look-out just the same. We were a hundred and twenty miles, or so, off at noon; and, according to the rate we've been going at since, she ought to be up with the island between one and two o'clock."

"Very good, sir." I repeated. "I'll keep a good look-out." And I returned to my game of chess. It did not last long, and I soon turned in.

At midnight, when I relieved the second mate, the mind about the stunsails. Clear enough overhead. But on the water there was a sort of light mist, and the rays of the moon, which was now about two hours high, were dazzling. The breeze had freshened, and we had quite enough of it for the small stunsails. I took my usual turn round the decks, cautioned the look-out man, and returned to the poop.

About half-past one I reckoned up, mentally, that we must have about run the exact distance. "Davis," I said to the third mate, "just go forward and see if the look-out is needing; if so, give him a trifle to remember you by. Stop on the fore-castle yourself till I call you off, and keep a sharp look-out."

Away went Davis. I had my night-glasses with me, and, knowing that if we saw the land at all we should be very close to it, walked from side to side of the poop, looking anxiously around.

Suddenly, a couple of gulls shrieked overhead. "Surely!" thought I, "that's a warning, and I'll accept it." I hurried forward, determined to remain on the look-out myself. As I ascended the fore-castle ladder, Davis was in the act of coming down, and met me.

"Is that you, sir? There's something ahead I can't quite make out. I was coming aft to tell you. It looks like a sort of cloud."

Pushing past him, I took one look. For a second of time, my heart seemed to turn quite cold and stand still. I felt half sick.

The next moment I was all right; the shock had been too heavy. We were right bang on the island! There it was, scarcely a mile off. I could see the surf distinctly with the glasses, and the ship was tearing along straight for it, about ten knots an hour! We ought to have seen it sooner, but the glare of the moon rendered the horizon all round quite black-looking; whilst at the same time the rays on the water made the surf impossible to be distinguished at a distance.

For a moment I thought: nothing could

save the ship. Fortunately, I have always been very cool; quite self-possessed in sudden emergencies, as in moments of the greatest peril. It is my nature to be so; and I wish all sailors could say the same. There was but one thing that could save us; and I tried it.

"Hard up! hard up," I shouted to the helmsman. "Call all hands to save ship. Let go the royal halyards and stunsails fore and aft. Brace the cross-jack yard round." By this time I had got down off the fore-castle, and hurried aft. "Let go the lee main brace, one of you; main tack and sheet too, somebody." All this had occupied less than half a minute; and I now met the third mate with his startled and anxious face.

"Davis, call the captain. Tell him we are right on the top of it."

Two minutes more, and we were in a pretty pickle. The helm had been put hard up, and the ship spun round on her heel like a top. She was now flat aback by the lee and going stern first towards the island. The men had been too slow in their movements; and before the yards could be braced round, they had taken aback. The state of confusion was frightful. I got up on to the poop. All the crew were out on deck, some pulling on one rope, some on another, all of them talking, many frightened and bewildered. This would never answer.

"Silence, fore and aft! What the deuce are you all doing? Attend to the word of command. Mr. Green, bring your watch into the poop and turn this mainyard round. Do you hear there, starboard watch on the poop. Port watch, haul in the port cross-jack brace."

The captain rushed on deck in his shirt-tails. Most of the men passengers were so rushing also. The wind blew freshly and the sails fluttered. It was a good thing I retained my presence of mind, for the captain three-parts lost his.

"Good heavens, W——, what's the matter?" he cried. "Where is it? I can't see a thing; that confounded moonlight blinds me quite. I can't do anything just now. You had better go on with it, as you know the position of things."

"There's the land, sir," I said, "that black streak; and there's the broken water." And unconsciously close it was to us. The captain looked bewildered.

"Shift the helm, my lad," I said to the man at the wheel. "Now, sir," I continued, "you see how she is. If you will take charge, I'll go down on the main deck and get the head yards to rights; the boatswain is making a regular mess of it. And with all the lee stunsails set and the swinging boom out, it's an awkward job."

"All right," he replied. "I've got my eyesight now; I'll look after her."

The scene in the cuddy, as I afterward learnt, was a terrible one. When the starting cry was echoed along the deck and through the cabins. "All hands save ship," the passengers had, one and all, expected immediate shipwreck, and death as a natural consequence. In these moments of sudden peril on board ship, and especially if they occur at night, passengers invariably give way to excess of terror. It is but natural. The consequences of life are thrown to the winds—as was the case in the Bengal. The women rushed from their beds in their night dresses; shrieking, sobbing, talking wildly. They did not dare to go on deck, but huddled themselves in a group in the cuddy. To add to the confusion, the lamp had gone out and they were in darkness. George Armstrong had hurried back from the poop at first, in search of Miss Bellamy. Believing that the ship must inevitably go ashore in the next few moments, he ignored ceremony and burst into her cabin. She had just left her bed. There was no light, but instinct told her who was coming to the rescue.

"Oh, George, George! what is the danger?"

For answer, George Armstrong took her to him, and clasped her in his strong arms. It was no time for counselling the peril.

"My dearest," he said, "a few moments may end all. Even as I speak to you, the ship's bottom is in danger of being knocked out; in which case, we must all perish."

ing inquiries among merchants and business men developed the fact that no person of that name was known. Dr. Ellis sat long and thoughtfully, after folding the last letter, and then rising, paced the room a long while.

"Why not?" he said, under his breath. "I am alone, have no one to inherit my fortune; this poor child is evidently forsaken for some purpose, and if I do not keep him he will be thrown upon the world, a poor, helpless wretch; I will do it."

Calling Leony to him, and placing him between his knees, he looked long and earnestly into the dark, and eyes that were raised for a moment to his face, and then timidly dropped. The child was handsome, with a delicate, refined beauty that irresistibly attracted, and had already won the love of warm-hearted Nora, and rough, but hearty Terence, and even that of stout Mrs. Mace.

"Leony," said the doctor, after a prolonged contemplation of his little guest, "how should you like to stay with me and be my little son? I can hear nothing of your papa in New York, and as you seem to have no other friends, I think it is the best thing you can do. What do you think?"

Leony's eyes instantly filled with tears, and looking up, he said, with quivering lips, and faltering voice,

"Are you sure, sir, that papa is not in New York? Oh, then I will never see him or baby Ella again!" and he wept almost as bitterly as on the night when the doctor found him.

The doctor permitted him to calm himself before resuming the subject, but when the sobbing had subsided into little long-drawn sighs, he gently drew him to his breast, and drying his wet face, said kindly,

"But, Leony, dear, I can't find your father, and I can't allow you to go out into the world alone; if you can be happy here with me, and will try to think of this as your home, I will adopt you, will educate you and bring you up to a new profession; in plain words, make a doctor of you; how should you like that, eh?" smiling and chuckling Leony under the chin.

Leony smiled and said, "I should like it very much, sir; you are very good and kind, and I think I could be quite happy if I could see papa and baby Ella sometimes." The affectionate little heart fell again at the thought of a final separation from the only two persons he had ever loved, or who had ever loved him, for he lost his own mother at his birth.

In a warm, light, well-furnished room, in a handsome house on Walnut street, sat two gentlemen; the elder, about fifty-five, but white hair and mustache, but his face was almost entirely unruined, and his robust frame and erect carriage indicated a man still in his prime. The other was young, tall, and slender, with a fine complexion, but more slender, with large, dark, somewhat sad eyes, a well-cut mouth and nose, a broad, white forehead, and an expression of purity and sweetness rarely seen in men.

"Well, Leonard," said the elder, "how did you find your patient?"

"In a comatose condition, but she partially aroused, and was muttering some words to herself in a low tone when I left her. Her daughter says she has been alternating between coma and a low muttering, delirium for several days past, the former condition predominating."

"Bad symptoms," will probably end in death," said the elder.

"I fear so, and then what will become of her daughter, poor thing? She seems alone and friendless."

"At this moment the bell rang violently, and a moment after a servant entered, saying that Dr. Leonard was wanted. He stepped out into the hall, where stood a young girl, fair and gentle-looking, but pale, thin, and wretchedly clad.

"Oh, doctor," she cried, "come quickly, mother is raging, and I cannot control her; I was obliged to call in the neighbors, while I came for you, but I must hurry back, for she is wild; will you come right away, please?" lifting her eyes pleadingly to his face.

"Yes, my poor girl, I will be there directly; go on before, I will follow as soon as I can get ready." She turned and ran down the steps, while he went back to the room he had just left.

"Will you go with me, doctor? I think you will find it most interesting," said he to the elder gentleman.

"If I can be useful I will gladly go," and in a few moments they were ready, and tending down the stairs, went out.

A brisk walk of a dozen squares brought them to a wretched street in the vicinity of Seventh and Lombard streets, and entering one of the poorest of the poor tenements in which the neighborhood abounded, and stumbling upon a rickety flight of stairs, they found themselves in a small, bare room, lighted by a miserable tallow candle, and the chill slightly moderated by a handful of coals that were trying to burn in a rusty little stove. In one corner lay a woman upon a mass of what seemed to be straw and rags, or rather she *seemed* to be straw and rags, for she was not still a moment, but rolled continually from side to side, throwing her arms wildly about, and shrieking constantly. Her daughter seemed to have been deserted by the neighbors of whom she had spoken, for she was quite alone with the raging woman, and had ceased to make any attempt at controlling her, but sat upon the floor, with her head dropped into her hands, and apparently unconscious of all about her. Dr. Leonard's touch upon her shoulder aroused her, and starting up, she hastened to place something for them to be seated upon; an old chair without a back, and an empty keg, which seemed to have done duty as a table, judging from an empty cup and plate, which the girl hastily removed.

The two doctors drew near the patient, and while the elder held her hands forcibly down, the other placed his finger upon her wrist.

"One hundred and thirty; she can't last long at this rate; how long has she been in this condition?" turning to the girl, who shivered over the wretched fire.

"All the afternoon," she answered.

"With no interval of quiet or consciousness?"

"Not a moment."

The elder doctor had released her hands, and she again flung them wildly above her head as she shrieked, "Forgive me, James, forgive me! Oh, forgive me! I did it for Ella. Oh, Ella, my daughter, forgive me; don't reproach me; it was all for you! All for you! James, you cannot die until you forgive me! You shall not."

"Where is he? How should I know? The train started; I turned my face away; I could not look at him until the last moment; I saw him standing where I left him,

smiling up into my face; he did not know that I was deceiving him. Oh, God! will I ever be forgiven?" Then suddenly turning upon her side, her eyes fell upon Dr. Leonard's face. With a violent start, she sat upright, put from her face the ordered looks and shivered, pointing a thin and trembling finger at him. "Who are you? What do you want? Go away! Do you come to haunt me, with your eyes like Leonard's, and James's brow, and her mouth? He, he, ha. Her child, was he? And there was no love for my poor girl! But he died of a broken heart, and I have never known peace since." And she slowly sank back upon her pillow and lay still.

Dr. Leonard and the elder physician sat silent, one glance only having been exchanged between them. She lay quiet for a longer period than she had done for some hours, and at length the elder rose, took up his hat and said to Dr. Leonard,

"We can do nothing; I will go; do you desire to remain until the end?"

"I will remain; she may awake conscious, as she seems to be sleeping naturally."

"Very well. If you require assistance, send for me. Good evening." And he quietly and easily left the room.

The patient slept long; the poor fire had burned out, and daylight was struggling through the few panes that were still in the one window. Turning to the girl, who bent over the warm ashes, as if eager to let no whit of their warmth be wasted, he called her to him in a tone even gentler than his usual gentle tones, and putting a black-note into her hand, he requested her to get coal and fuel for herself and her mother, also to go to the nearest drugget for some good port wine, expecting that when the patient awoke she would be reduced to great weakness. She still slept, and the sun was trying to send a few piercing beams into the wretched room, when Ella returned with wood, coal, food, and a small bottle of wine. Giving the last into the doctor's hands, she proceeded to build a fire, and soon had a bright blaze crackling and leaping in the wretched little stove. Putting a kettle over the fire with water in it, and bringing from some hidden nook a plate, a cup, and the handle, a fork with one tine left of the pair it had once boasted, and a knife without a handle, she laid them upon the bed, and took of table-cloth or napkin to conceal its rough and uninviting surface. Leonard's eyes filled with tears as he saw these poor preparations for a meal, which he had been accustomed to take in a noisy, cheerful breakfast-room, with all the appliances that taste could devise or wealth procure.

He was watching her movements, when his attention was attracted by a sudden movement of the patient, and turning, he found her awake, with her eyes fixed upon him. A glance assured him that reason had returned; her look, indeed, was that of a woman, but more slender, with large, dark, somewhat sad eyes, a well-cut mouth and nose, a broad, white forehead, and an expression of purity and sweetness rarely seen in men.

Turning to the girl, he asked her for some water and a spoon, and putting some wine into the cup she handed to him, he raised the patient's head, and gave her several spoonfuls of the mixture. Ella had made some tea and toast, and now brought them to the bedside, but the patient motioned her away, feebly shaking her head, as if to indicate that she could not eat. Dr. Leonard took the plate and cup from Ella's hand, and telling her to go and eat her breakfast, he turned to the patient, and told her that she must eat, that he insisted upon it, and she must obey him.

Raising her eyes to his face, she said feebly,

"Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"I am a physician, and live only a few blocks from here; your daughter asked me to come and see you," said Dr. Leonard, as carefully as he could.

Apparently relieved, she again intimated that she would not or could not eat, but the doctor again told her that she must, when she quickly raised her eyes again and asked,

"What is your name?"

"No matter about my name now; you must eat something, and keep very quiet, for you are very ill, and everything depends upon your obedience to my orders."

She reached her hand for the plate, and tremblingly broke off bits of bread, and swallowed a few mouthfuls of tea, but at last, pushing the plate from her, she pointed to the cup that held the wine, and begged her all that was in it, believing that life could be prolonged but a few more hours, even by it.

Again fixing her eyes upon him, she gazed questioningly and appealingly into his face, and turning to her, and taking in his thin hand, he said,

"I am called Leonard Ellis, but that is not my own name. When I was ten years old, my father, a wealthy merchant of St. Louis, went to New York, became a member of a large firm there, and wishing to my step-mother (my own mother having died at my birth), instructed her to sell our house and furniture, and join him there. She sold everything, and started with us, my little step-sister and myself; at a station on the way, my step-mother deserted me. She entered a car, desiring me to remain where she left me until her return. I waited, but she never returned, and in a few moments the train moved off. She looked at me and nodded her head as she passed me, and then, for the first time, I knew that I was deserted. I cried bitterly of course, and a gentleman seeing me, kindly took me to his home, after hearing my story, and wrote letters to New York inquiring about my father, and giving his name and business. But we never heard anything of him, as the gentlemen to whom he wrote could not, after the most careful inquiries, find any such person in the city. Dr. Ellis, the gentleman who had taken me to his home, adopted me, brought me up to his own profession, and some years ago we moved to this city. The mystery has never been cleared up, and I know not where my father is, or whether he is living or dead."

He had not looked at her once during his recital, but now he glanced furtively at her face. He was startled by the change there. Her eyes seemed to be set immovably in their sockets, and were fixed upon him with a glare that was fearful. She lay so long that he began to fear that the life had fled, and that she would never remove that frightful gaze. But even while he looked too gazed wandered, and seemed to be seeking something. At length it fell upon her daughter, who stood behind Leonard eagerly listening to all he said. The sight of Ella seemed to electrify her mother, and starting up, she beckoned her to her. She came around to the doctor's side, and her mother, laying her head on her arm, and turning her round until she faced him, cried,

"Does she look much like baby Ella, Leonard? I fear for her. I did it, and now look at her! Your father loved you only; he cared nothing for my child; I thought, you out of the way, he would learn to love her, and she would be his heiress. Oh, God! My punishment is in this, that she for whom I sacrificed my own soul, for whose advancement and profit I sacrificed my husband's life, is the cruellest sufferer of all!" And covering down in the bed, she buried her face in the pillow. Ella glanced at Leonard, and in an instant was clasped in his arms. Long she lay and sobbed upon his shoulder; and lightly he shook the poor, thin figure, that seemed too frail to sustain the gusts of sob that shook her.

They were recalled to themselves by the voice of the mother, who had again arisen and was speaking.

"Leonard," she said, "let me finish your story where you left off. It was not to New York, but to Philadelphia that we went when I left you standing on the platform. I told you that New York was our destination, forgetting that those who heard your story would read there for information of your father, and of course he could not be found. I practiced a double deception, for I told your father that you were left at Philadelphia in the confusion of a change of cars, and in his inquiries he went no farther than that city; and although neither time nor money was spared in searching at that point and east of it, I persuaded him that it was useless to look farther west, as you would not be likely to go back. After some time he gave up the search, but he was never the same man after that; he lost interest in his business, neglected it, and when the troubles of '57 came, he was ruined. Soon after, he was taken ill of brain fever, and in his delirium betrayed his suspicion of the part I had in his son's loss, and died denouncing me. I confessed all to him, and implored his forgiveness, but he was never conscious enough to understand me, and drove me from him with curses. Ella and I have suffered everything that poverty the most abject can inflict; mine will soon be ended; for Ella, would that she too could end it with me."

Leonard with difficulty controlled his voice sufficiently to assure her that for Ella too, suffering from poverty was ended; that his home was here, and that all that brotherly love could do to shield her from sorrow should be done.

With a weary, but grateful smile, the mother looked once more into his face, and kissing the hand that held her, turned her face to the wall. Long she lay and still. He held her hand, and suddenly became conscious that it was growing cold. With a quick glance at Ella, he bent over the mother. She was dead.

When the last sighs were over, Leonard took Ella to his home, where she soon became as dear to the old doctor as a daughter as Leonard was as a son.

NEVER AGAIN.

There are gains for our losses,
There are balm for our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
But we feel that something sweet,
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We bemoan it everywhere—
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Potatoes and Butter.

An anecdote of one of the founders of Christ's Hospital, London, very fully illustrates the sort of impulses which govern people in willing their property to public institutions. His name was Hunt, and under his will Christ's Hospital now, we believe, receives an income of about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds a year. He was a city merchant, a bachelor, and lived with his brother. This brother had sons and daughters, who were brought up with the expectation of enjoying their uncle's property at his death. But there's "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and a couple of sharp words at dinner one day between the brothers disipated all their expectations to the winds. The bachelor sat a looking for new potatoes and a melted butter, and one day, when the potatoes and the butter-boat happened to come into suggestive contiguity, the millionaire struck his fork into a potato, dipped it into the butter-boat, and swallowed it.

"Excellent!" answered the brother.

"Bestly! Do you mean to say that I'm a beast?"

"Yes, I do. The man who can dip a potato into the butter-boat in that way, must be a beast."

The words were quickly spoken. It was not so easy to recall them. You may recall a man's opinion, expose the silliness of his crochets, laugh at his prejudices, and quiz his personal appearance, and he will forgive you. But there is one built to personal criticism. A man's tastes at table are above criticism, and an addendum to the sacred. Mr. Hunt thought so. He tore up his will at once, out of his heir with the theological shilling, and left all his spare cash and estates to Christ's Hospital.

How to Spell.

Often, in writing, a simple word is required, of the orthography of which the writer is not sure. The dictionary may be referred to, but it is not always convenient. An easy mode is to write the word of which you are in doubt on a piece of waste paper, in two or three ways. Nine times in ten, the mode which looks right is right. Spelling, particularly English spelling, is more assisted by the eye than by the memory. There is no reason why "receive" and "believe" should be spelled differently, yet sounded alike in their second syllables. Yet write them "revere" and "believe," and the eye shows you the mistake at once. Another good mode is to write the word in its unaltered form in the mind with appropriate objects. For example we were taught to spell "piece" and to remember the orthography, by associating it with "pie"; thus: pie—ce of pie. Could anything be easier? We have never since been troubled with that word. An ingenious mind can devise many such illustrations.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE EXCURSION.

As we have already said, Dona Marianna, although still so young, was gifted with an ardent soul and an energetic character, which the unusual dangers of a border life had, so to speak, unconsciously ripened. In life these secret organs, existing in her, were themselves; events alone, existing in her, were capable of a clear moment, by urging them heavily to endure the attack of malignant fortune, and to contend resolutely with their adversity. When the marquis, forced by the necessities of his unhappy condition, had a frank explanation with his children, and confessed to them into what difficulties he was suddenly thrown, Dona Marianna had listened to him with the most sustained attention. Then, by degrees, a species of revolution took place in her. Stronghand's words reverted to her mind, and she had a vague idea that he could save the danger that was suspended over her father's head.

On recapitulating all that had occurred to her since her departure from Rosario—the help the hunter had rendered her on various occasions with unexampled devotion—the conversation she had held with him a few days previously, and the promise she had made him—she appeared evident to her that Stronghand, better informed than perhaps she herself, was at the head of the machine of her father's ruin, and she had a vague idea of saving the danger that was suspended over her father's head.

Then, full of hope, and confiding in the promises of this man, who had never made his appearance except to prove his devotion to her, her resolution was spontaneously formed, and without informing any one of the project she had conceived, for fear lest an effort might be made to dissuade her, she went to her father's ranch, in order to obtain an ink review with the hunter by the agency of her foster-brother. Under existing circumstances, the step taken by Dona Marianna was not at all easy, or without danger. The daughter of the Marquis de Moguer galloping at night along the Indian border, only accompanied by one man—devoted, it is true, but who, in spite of all his courage, would be powerless to defend her against an attack—displayed more than tenacity in this action; and however great her bravery was, and the confidence she had in the honesty of the enterprise, she was thus blindly undertaking still a side that not refrains from an inter alia shudder on thinking of her isolated position, and the ease with which she might be surprised, carried off, or even massacred by the revivified Indians. Too proud, however, to allow any of the secret fears that agitated her to be seen, Dona Marianna affected a tranquillity and freedom of mind she was far from feeling. She conversed in a low voice with her foster-brother, teasing and scolding him about the difficulty he had in granting her request, and describing her delight at a side that not refrains from an inter alia shudder on thinking of her isolated position, and the ease with which she might be surprised, carried off, or even massacred by the revivified Indians. Too proud, however, to allow any of the secret fears that agitated her to be seen, Dona Marianna affected a tranquillity and freedom of mind she was far from feeling. She conversed in a low voice with her foster-brother, teasing and scolding him about the difficulty he had in granting her request, and describing her delight at a side that not refrains from an inter alia shudder on thinking of her isolated position, and the ease with which she might be surprised, carried off, or even massacred by the revivified Indians.

Marianna did not think, and consequently did not understand what she supposed was a girl's fancy. Accustomed since childhood to yield to all the wishes of his foster-sister, and obey her as a slave, he had on this occasion done what she desired without trying to account for such an unusual excursion, so happy did he feel at obliging her. At the same time, he felt a lively pleasure at accompanying her, and thus passing a few hours in her company. We must not mistake the feelings that animated the tiger for Dona Marianna. He loved his foster-sister with his whole soul, and would have gladly died for her; but this feeling, lively as it was, had nothing personal or interested about it; it was merely friendship, but a friendship elevated to the most complete self-denial and the most entire devotion—in a word, to the most sublime degree which this feeling can attain in the human heart.

Hence the tiger, comprehending the responsibility weighing on him, rode on, as he commonly said, with his beard on his shoulder, carefully examining the bushes, listening to the desert sounds, and ready, on the slightest alarm, bravely to defend the girl who had placed herself under his guard. The country they were traversing, though rather varied, was not, however, completely wooded: owing to the transparent brightness of the night, the view extended for a great distance, which removed all fears of a surprise, and gave a certain security to the travelers; still, they at times faced a very real and threatening danger, for the river bank, and flung at their approach. The young lady looked round her anxiously, and then asked the tiger whether they would soon reach the spot where Stronghand was. Marianna pointed out to her a gentle eminence forming a bend of the river, on the top of which the fugitive gleams of an expiring fire could be seen at intervals.

"That is where we are going," he said.

"Then we have only a few minutes' ride, and it is used as to hurry our horses."

"You are more correct, miss. Naturally in the track we are following very winding, and we must wait, but, through an optical illusion, it may be understood, this hill which you fancy so near to us is at least two leagues distant as the crow flies; so that, taking into account the windings, the distance is nearly doubled."

"Can we not cut across country, and thus shorten the distance?"

"Heaven forbid, miss! We should get into trembling prairies, in which we should be swallowed up in a few minutes."

"I trust to you in that case, Marianna; besides, now that, thanks to that fire, I am certain of meeting the hunter, my anxiety is less lively, and I will wait patiently."

"Permit me to remark, my dear sister, that I did not say certainly that we should find Stronghand at this bivouac."

"What did you tell me, then?"

"Simply that we might hope to meet him here, because it is the spot where he generally encamps when hunting in these parts."

"Still, as you can perceive the flame of that watch-fire—for that is really a flame, is it not?"

"Certainly; still, we have yet to learn whether this fire has been kindled by Stronghand or some other hunter. This mound is one of the most suitable places of encampment, owing to the height of the hill, which allows the country to be surveyed, and thus avoid a surprise."

"Then probably we shall not find the hunter at the encampment?"

"I do not say that either, miss," Marianna answered, with a laugh.

"But what do you mean?" the young lady said, impatiently patting the pomel of her saddle with her little hand; "you are really unendurable."

"Do not be angry, sister; I may be mistaken. If Stronghand is not here, perhaps we may find a hunter who will tell us where he is."

"Why not an Indian?"

"Because there are no Indians at that camp fire."

"I must really ask this time how you can possibly know that?"

"Very easily, miss; I do not require to be a seer to guess so simple a thing."

"Do you consider it so simple?"

"Certainly; nothing can be more so."

"In that case I will ask you to explain, for it is always worth while to be learning."

"You fancy you are a joker, miss; and yet there is always something to be learned in the desert."

"Good, good, Marianna, I know that; but I am waiting for your explanation."

"Listen then. This fire, as I told you, is not an Indian fire."

"That is not exactly what you said to me. Go on, however."

"The Indians, when they come on the white man's border, never light a fire, for fear of revealing their presence; or if compelled to light one in order to cook their food, they are most careful to diminish the flame, in the first place by digging a deep hole in the ground, and next by only using extremely dry wood, which burns without crackling, flaming, or producing smoke, and which they carry with them for long distances, in case they might not find it on their road."

"But, my friend, that fire is scarcely visible."

"That is true; but still it is sufficiently so for us to have perceived it a long distance off, and thus discovered the existence of a bivouac at this spot which, under present circumstances, would entail the surprise and consequent death of the imprudent man who lit it, if they were Indians instead of hunters."

"Excellent! reasoned, compassed, and like a man accustomed to a desert life!" said a rough, though good-humored voice suddenly and a few yards from them.

The travelers started and pulled up sharply, while anxiously investigating the surrounding thickets. Marianna, however, did not lose her head under these critical circumstances; but with a movement swift as thought raised his rifle, and covered a man who was standing by the side of a thicket, with his hands crossed on the muzzle of a long gun.

"Hold, comrades!" the stranger continued, not at all disturbed by the tiger's hostile demonstration; "pay attention to what you are about. A thousand heads! do you know that you run a risk of killing a friend?"

Marianna hesitated for a moment; and then, without raising his rifle, remarked—

"I fancy I recognize that voice."

"By Jove!" the other said, "it would be a fine joke if you did not."

"Wait a minute; are you not Whistler?"

"All right, you remember now; the Canadian said with a laugh; for the person was really the hunter whom we had seen for a moment at the village of the Papas."

The tiger uncrossed his rifle, which he threw over his shoulder, and said to Marianna—"It is a friend."

"Are you quite sure of this man?" she asked in a low, quick voice.

"As of myself."

"Who is he?"

"A Canadian hunter or trapper. He has all the defects of the race, but at the same time all its qualities."

"I will believe you, for his countrymen are generally regarded as honest men. Ask him what he was doing on the skirts of the tract."

Marianna obeyed.

"I was attending to my business," Whistler replied with a grin; "and pray what may you be doing, so poorly equipped at this hour of the night, when the Indians have taken the field?"

"I am travelling, as you see."

"Yes, but every journey has an object, I suppose."

"It has."

"Well, I do not see what end yours can achieve by continuing in that direction."

"Still, we are going to do so till we have found the man we are in search of."

"I will not ask you any questions, although I may perhaps have a right to do so; still, I fancy you would not more wisely turn back than in obstinately going on."

"I am not able to do so."

"Why not?"

"Because I have not the command of the expedition, and I cannot undertake such a responsibility."

"Ah, who is the chief, then? I only see two persons."

"You seem to forget, senior," Dona Marianna said, joining in the conversation for the first time, "that one of these two persons is a woman."

"Of course she must command," the trapper answered with a courteous bow; "pray excuse me, madam."

"If the more willingly do so, because I hope to obtain from you important information about the object of the journey we have undertaken, perhaps somewhat too carelessly, in these desolate regions."

"I shall be too happy to be agreeable to you, my lady, if it be in my power."

"Permit me, in that case, to ask you a few questions."

"Pray do so."

"I wish to know what the camp is where watch-fires I perceive a short distance off."

"A hunter's bivouac."

"Only hunters?"

"Yes, they are all white hunters or trappers."

"I thank you, senior. Do you know these men?"

"Very well, considering I am a member of the band."

Dona Marianna hesitated for a moment.

"Forgive me, sir," she continued, "I am in search of a hunter with whom grave reasons force me to desire an immediate interview; perhaps he is among your comrades."

"That needs not astonish you, madam," he said, with the most exquisite politeness; "I am the intimate friend of Stronghand. Without entering into any details that might justly offend you, my friend told me that you might perchance come and ask for him at our camp fire."

"He knew it, then," she murmured, in a trembling voice; "but how did he learn it?"

"Through these words were uttered in a whisper, Whistler heard them."

"He doubtless hoped it would be so, without doing to credit it, madam," he answered.

"Good heavens!" she continued, "what does this mean?"

"That my friend, in his eager desire to be agreeable to you, and foreseeing the chance of your coming during his absence, warned me, in order to spare you a very difficult search, and thus induce you to grant me a little of that confidence you deign to honor him with."

"I thank you, sir. Now that you know me, would it be taxing your courtesy too greatly to ask you to guide my companion and myself to your bivouac?"

"I am at your orders, madam, and believe me that you will receive a proper reception, even though my friend does not happen to be there at the moment."

"What!" she said, suddenly checking her horse, "can he be absent?"

"Yes, but do not let that cause you any anxiety; he will soon return."

"Good heavens!" she murmured, clasping her hands in grief.

"Madam," Whistler again continued, "I understand that the reasons which urged you to undertake such a journey must be of the utmost importance; let me, therefore, go on ahead to the camp, and make all the preparations for your reception."

"But Stronghand, senior?"

"Warned through me, madam, he will be back by daybreak."

"You promise me that, senior?"

"On my honor."

"Go, then, and may heaven requite you for the good-will and courtesy you show me."

Whistler bowed respectfully to the young lady, took his rifle under his arm, and soon disappeared in the forest.

"We can now go on without fear," said Marianna; "I know Whistler to be an honest, worthy fellow, and he will do what he has promised."

"Heaven grant I may see the man whom I have come so far to meet."

"You will see him, be assured; moreover, all precautions were taken in the event of your visit."

"Yes," she murmured, pausing; "and it is this which renders me alarmed. Well, I put my trust in the Virgin."

And striking her horse, she went on her way, followed by the tigress, who could not at all comprehend this remark, after the desire the young lady had evinced to see the hunter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HUNTER'S CAMP.

It was no great distance to the bivouac, and the travellers reached it about half an hour after Whistler. Still, though this period was so short, the worthy Canadian had profited by it to erect for the young lady, who thanked him by a smile, a bower of branches, under which she found a shelter as comfortable as a desert life permits. The hunter's camp had a military look, which greatly surprised Dona Marianna. Strong wooden palisades defended all the approaches; the horses, which were ready saddled, were fastened to pickets; several watch-fires, lighted at regular distances, sufficiently illumined the plain the prevent the approach of an enemy, whether man or beast; and four sentinels, standing rifle in hand on the entrenchments, followed with a vigilant eye the slightest undulations of the lofty pass. Some thirty men, with harsh and irregular features, clothed after the fashion of wood rangers, in fur caps, cotton shirts, and leather calicoes, were lying in front of the fire, rifle in hand, in order to be ready for the first alarm.

Orders had probably been given beforehand by Whistler, for the sentinels allowed the two travellers to pass unquestioned through a breach in the entrenchments, which was immediately closed after them again. The Canadian was awaiting them in front of the bower; he helped Dona Marianna to dismount, and the horses were led to join the others and supplied with a copious meal.

"You are welcome among us, seniors," he said with a respectful bow; "in this bower, which no one will enter save yourself, there is a bed of skins, on which you can take a few hours' rest while awaiting Stronghand's arrival."

"I thank you, senior, for this graceful attention, by which I cannot profit, however, till you have reiterated your promise."

"Seniors, two horsemen have already set out to fetch Stronghand, but I repeat, that he cannot be here for some hours; now, if you will accept the humble refreshment prepared for you—"

"I only require rest, senior; still I am not the less obliged to you for your offer. With your permission, I will retire."

"You are mistaken here, madam."

The young lady smiled, pressed her foster-brother's hand, and entered her rustic retreat. So soon as Dona Marianna had left, the young man who had formed the doorway, the tigress quietly removed his range from his shoulders, and laid it on the ground.

"What is that for, comrade?" Whistler asked, astonished at the performance.

"You see, comrade, I am making my bed."

"Do you mean to sleep there?"

"Why not?"

"As you please; still, you will be cold, that is all."

"Nonsense! a night is soon spent, especially when so far advanced as this one is."

"I trust that you do not doubt us?"

"No, Whistler, no; but Dona Marianna is my foster sister, and I am bound to watch over her."

"That concerns me at the moment; so do not be at all alarmed."

"Two centuries are better than one; besides, you know me, do you not? Although I place the utmost confidence in you, I will not surrender the guardianship of my foster-sister to another man; that is my idea, whether right or wrong, and I shall not give it up."

"You please," the trapper said, with a laugh. And he left him at liberty to make his arrangements as he pleased.

The dwellers on the prairie—no matter if whites, half-breeds, or red-skies, trappers, pirates, or Indians—have one virtue in common, and whose duties they carry out with remarkable punctuality and generosity, and

that is hospitality. A traveller surprised by night, and wearied by a long journey, may see a camp fire in the huts of an Indian village, present himself without fear, and claim hospitality. From that moment he is sacred to the man he applies to, no matter if they be Indians, trappers, hunters, or even pirates. These individuals, who would not have scrupled to assassinate him by the side of a ditch, treat him like a brother, show him the most delicate attentions, and will never make any insulting allusions to the length of his stay among them; on the contrary, he is at liberty to remain as long as he pleases, and when he takes leave his hosts say good-by regretfully.

The same time it is true that, if they meet him a week after in the forest, they will kill him without mercy to raise his hair and take his weapons; but this need only be apprehended with the pirates and some Indian tribes of the far west. As for the hunters, when a stranger has once slept by their side and shared their food, he is forever sacred to them, and these men, although coarse, were honest and loyal in the main; and flattered by the confidence this lovely, innocent girl placed in them, would have gladly defended her with their lives had it been necessary.

Whistler went off with a laugh, and lay down by the side of his comrades. As he

had already said, the night was far advanced when Dona Marianna and her travelling companion reached the camp of the hunters; a few hours at the most separated them from sunrise; and the young lady, who at first resolved to spend these hours awake, overcome by fatigue, had yielded to sleep, and enjoyed a calm and refreshing rest. No

soon as day began to appear, Dona Marianna repaired as well as she could the disorder produced in her dress by her lengthened journey, rose and went to the door of the hut. The camp was still plunged in the deepest silence; with the exception of the sentries still on the watch, the hunters were fast asleep.

The dawn was just breaking, and stripping the horizon with wide vermilion bands; the sharp and rather cold morning breeze rustled softly through the branches; the flowers that enameled the prairie raised themselves, and expanded their corolla to receive the first sunbeams; the numberless streams, whose silvery waters made their way through the tall grass, murmured over the white and gray pebbles as they bore their tribute to the little Brava del Norte, whose capricious windings could be guessed in the distance, owing to the thick cloud of vapor that constantly rose from it and brooded over its bed. The birds, still hidden beneath the foliage, were timidly preluding their harmonious concert; the glad earth, the bright sky, the serene atmosphere, the pure light—all, in a word, revealed that the day which had now entirely appeared was about to be tranquil and lovely.

The maiden, refreshed by the rest she had enjoyed, felt herself new-born as she breathed the first exhilarations of the flowers and the sharp odor which is found in the distance alone. Without venturing to quit the bower, in front of which the tigress was lying, she surveyed the surrounding landscape, which, thanks to the elevation she stood at, lay expanded at her feet for a long distance. The profound calmness of re-awakening nature, the powerful harmonies of the desert, filled the maiden's heart with a gentle melancholy; she passively indulged in those thoughts which the great spectacles of nature ever arouse in minds unaffected by human passions. In the meanwhile the sun ascended the horizon, and the last shadows melted away in the dazzling beams propelled by the day-star. Suddenly the girl noticed an exclamation of delight, for she noticed a band of horsemen forcing the stream, and apparently coming in the direction of the hut. At the cry his foster-sister uttered, the tigress bounded to his feet and stood by her side, rifle in hand, ready to defend her if necessary.

"Good morning, brother," she said to him.

"Heaven keep you, nina!" he replied, with a shade of anxiety. "Have you slept well?"

"I could not have done so better, Marianna."

"All right then; but why did you utter that cry?"

"I cried out, my friend, and scarce know why."

"Ah, yes—stay; look at those horsemen coming up at full speed."

"Car! how they gallop! They will be here within half an hour."

"Do you think that Stronghand is among them?"

"I suppose so, nina."

"And I am sure of it," said Whistler, with a respectful bow to the young lady; "I have recognized him, seniors; so will you allow that I have kept my promise?"

"Most fully, senior; and I know not how to express my thanks for the hearty hospitality you have given me."

"I have no claim to any thanks from you, seniors, as I have only carried out my friend's intention; nina, it is to him alone you should offer thanks, if you consider that you ought to make them."

In the meanwhile the camp was aroused; the hunters were yawning, and turned to their daily avocations; some led their horses to the watering-place, others kindled the fire; some cut the wood requisite to keep them up, while two or three of the elder men acted as cooks, and got breakfast ready for the party. The camp changed its appearance in a minute; it lived the nervous, agitated life of the desert, in which each man performs his task with the feverish speed of persons who are aware of the value of time, and do not wish to lose it. The young lady, at first surprised by the cries, laughter, and unaccustomed movement that prevailed around her, began to grow used to it, and eagerly watched the occupations of the men she had beneath her eyes. A sharp challenge of "Who goes there?" suddenly made her raise her head.

"A friend!" a voice she at once recognized answered from without.

Suddenly a band of horsemen entered the camp, at their head being Stronghand. The young man dismounted, and after exchanging a few words with Whistler, he went straight up to the maiden, who was standing motionless in the doorway of the hut, and watching his approach with amazement. In fact, as we have said, Stronghand was not alone; several persons accompanied him, among them being Thunderbolt and Dona Esperanza; the rest were confidential Indian servants. When Stronghand came in front of the young lady, he bowed to her respectfully, and then turned to the persons who accompanied him.

"P. remit me, seniors," he said to her, "to present to you my mother, Dona Esperanza, and my father; both love you, though they do not know you, and insisted on accompanying me."

The maiden, blushing with joy at this delicate attention on the part of the hunter, who thus placed their interview beneath the safeguard of his father and mother, replied with emotion—"I am delighted, senior, with this kind inspiration of your heart; it suggests, were it possible, the confidence I felt have placed in you, and the gratitude I felt for the eminent services you have rendered me."

Dona Esperanza and the sachem embraced the girl, who, at once ashamed and joyous at the friendship of these persons, whose exterior was at once so imposing and so venerable, knew not how to respond to their caresses and the kindles they evinced. In the meanwhile the hunters had raised, with great skill and speed, a tent, under which the four persons were at once protected from the curious glances of the persons who surrounded them. Through that innate feeling of women, which makes them love or detest each other at the first glance, Dona Esperanza and the young lady at once felt attracted to each other by a natural movement of sympathy, and leaving the gentlemen to their occupations, they withdrew on one side, and began an animated and friendly conversation. Dona Marianna, subjected by Dona Esperanza's seductive manner, and drawn toward her by a feeling of attraction for which she did not attempt to account, as she felt so happy with her, spoke to her openly and heartily; but then she was greatly surprised to see that this lady, whom she was bound to suppose an entire stranger, was perfectly acquainted with all that related to her family, and knew her father's affairs better than she did herself; her amazement increased when Dona Esperanza explained in the faintest details the reasons that occasioned her presence in the hunter's camp, and the precarious position to which the Maquis de Mogen was reduced.

"I could add many more surprising things, my dear girl," Dona Esperanza continued with a smile, "but I do not wish to fatigue you at present; sufficient for you to know that we really take an interest in your family, and that it will not be our fault if your father is not soon freed from all his cares."

"Oh, how good you are, madam!" the young lady exclaimed, warmly; "how can I have merited such lively interest on your part?"

"That must not trouble you at all, my dear girl; the step you have taken to-day to come to your father's assistance, and the confidence you have placed in my son, are for us proofs of the loftiness of your feelings and the purity of your heart. Although we are almost Indians," she added with a smile, "we have white blood enough in our veins to remember what we owe to persons of that race."

The conversation went on thus between the two ladies on a footing of frank friendliness, until the moment when Stronghand came to interrupt it, by stating that breakfast was ready, and that they were only waiting for them to sit down. The tigress and the Canadian had both been invited to share the meal, but they declined the invitation under the pretext that they did not like to eat with persons so high above them in rank, but in reality, because the worthy wood-rangers preferred breakfasting without ceremony.

Stronghand did not press them, and allowed them to do as they pleased. Dona Marianna bit her lips in order to suppress a smile when the hunter informed her that they were about to sit down to table; for, owing to her recent journey and her life on the Indian border, the young lady was well aware that such a meal was extremely simple, and eaten on the grass. Hence her surprise was at its height when, after passing into a separate compartment of the tent, she perceived a table laid with a luxury which would have been justly admired even in Mexico; nothing was wanting, even to massive plate and valuable crystal. The dishes, it is true, were simple, and merely consisted of venison and fruit; but all had a stamp of true grandeur, which it was impossible not to appreciate at the first glance. The contrast offered by this table, so elegantly and comfortably laid, was the greater, because, behind the canvas of the tent, desert life could be seen in all its simplicity.

The young lady seated herself between Thunderbolt and Dona Esperanza, Stronghand sat down opposite to her, and two men-servants waited. In spite of the agreeable surprise which the impromptu comfort of this repast, prepared for her alone, caused her, the young lady did not at all display her surprise, but ate heartily and gayly, thus thanking her hosts for the delicate attentions they showed her. When the dainties were placed on the table, and the meal was drawing to a close, Stronghand bowed to Dona Marianna.

"Seniors," he said, with a smile, "before we begin a serious conversation, which might, at this moment, appear to you untimely, be kind enough to permit my mother to tell us one of the charming Indian legends with which she generally enlivens the close of our meals."

Dona Marianna was at first surprised by this proposition, made, without any apparent motive, at the close of a lively conversation; but intuitively she felt that the hunter's remarks contained a serious purpose, and that the legend, under its frivolous aspect, would entail valuable results for her, she answered with her sweetest smile—

"I shall listen with the greatest pleasure to the narrative the seniors are about to tell us—because my nurse, who is of Indian origin, was wont to lull me to sleep with these legends, which have left a deep and most agreeable impression on my mind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

St. Louis lately had a shower of what at first was thought to be sulphur, since it appeared upon the sidewalks as a yellowish-green powder. The people were struck with wonder, gathered the powder, burnt it, and smelled the odor of sulphur. Dr. John Green, however, put it under the microscope and found it to be the pollen of the pine tree, probably blown from the pine forests of the Carolinas, and washed from the atmosphere above St. Louis by a shower of rain.

Clothing which had been worn by small-pox patients was recently burnt in the open street in New York. Doctors agree that no surer method of speeding a pestilence could be adopted. Great indignation followed the discovery of the facts.

Honey, which, twenty-five years ago, formed quite an insignificant article of trade in this country, is rapidly increasing year after year in domestic production; whilst the amount imported is growing smaller.

At a crystal wedding in Portland, a young man named Robert M. Woods, a glass worker, aged sixteen, fell down a flight of stairs backwards, was taken up insensible, and died the next day.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the British Parliament the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, previously passed by the House of Commons, lately came up in the House of Lords, and after a long debate was rejected. Lord Penance argued strongly in its favor.

The San Domingo Commission has returned to Washington and submitted its report.

The eagerness of the daily papers to get out the freshest obituaries of distinguished persons who are presumed to have just died has just been ridiculously exemplified. A report was originated stating that Walt Whitman, the poet, had been crushed to death on a railroad in New York. Forthwith the biographers of the daily press went to work and prepared obituaries, liberal in length at least, of the supposed deceased. An enterprising N. Y. daily furnished two or three columns. All the while Mr. Whitman, quietly living in Washington, and authorizing his friends to say that he is not dead. He has the pleasure of reading his own obituaries, and no doubt finds it very amusing.

The daily weather reports made from Washington, and the "probabilities" for the following day, are attracting great attention. Several good guesses have been made, and people rather like to know what may be expected in the way of wind and weather. The reports are transmitted at midnight, or thereabouts, by telegraph over the entire country, and appear in the morning papers.

The subscriptions to the new five per cent. Government Loan have amounted thus far to about fifty millions of dollars.

A bill authorizing a tunnel in New York city from the Battery to Harlem river has passed both branches of the State Legislature and awaits the Governor's signature. The necessity of some means of rapid transit from the lower to the upper part of the city is admitted by all, and the plan proposed in this bill appears to be the best at present possible.

The N. Y. World says, "It is now quite usual for trades people to reject torn currency even when ever so little mutilated, but they furnish it rapidly in change." If the former is the case, where do they get the torn currency to return?

The graduates of the Woman's Medical College, N. Y., at the recent Annual Commencement, were only three in number, all misses.

Mr. Mundell, M. P., who visited this country some months ago, has been appointed Secretary of the Admiralty under Mr. Gladstone's administration. He won much favor from the people of the United States while travelling here.

Despatches from Africa state that the Arab chief Sidi Mokran has declared war against France, and is marching toward Algiers with forty thousand troops.

The Government of Holland has been considering the question of the liability of private property to capture at sea during time of war. The American principle that such property belonging to subjects of a belligerent should be exempt from seizure, the same as on land, is regarded with favor by the Dutch Cabinet.

Instructions have been issued from the Home Department for the simultaneous taking of the census of England and Wales on the second of the present month. The arrangements for doing the work are very complete.

The tea trade in Chicago is increasing.

The Star Course of Lectures, one of the best ever given in Philadelphia, has just concluded.

A large number of the most wealthy and eminent citizens of New York have organized an "Anti Income Tax Association," having for its object the repeal of this unpopular law. They have issued an address to the people of the state inviting co-operation, and stating their reasons for their opposition to the obnoxious levy.

Resolutions for the admission of British Columbia into the Dominion, are pending in the Canadian House of Commons. The scheme is a vast one, but meets with popular favor among the Canadians.

The question of lay representation is to be referred for final decision to the Annual Conference of the M. E. Church for the present year.

Queen Louise of Sweden died in Stockholm, March 30th.

The town of Truckee, Cal., has been almost entirely destroyed by fire, one hundred and twenty houses being consumed.

A Remarkable Rat.

We often hear stories related of the wonderful cunning and knowledge of the rat; but one is told, says the Ogdensburg (N. Y.) Journal, of a recent occurrence, in which a real old gray rat was the hero, and the incident thereof took place in that city, which is equal to the best. A lady who has a number of fine hens, to which she has devoted a good deal of care and attention during the winter, in hopes to obtain an early and fair crop of fresh eggs, was surprised at the meagre result actually reached. The hens made noise, in singing and cackling, enough for every-day layers, and yet only occasionally did she get an egg.

The lady at length determined to watch operations and ascertain, if possible, the cause of failure. She saw the hens go upon the nest, but if she was not present when they came off no egg was found. At length constant watching and waiting solved the mystery. A day or two since, while on the watch, a hen came off the nest and commenced cackling. Almost instantly an old rat came out of a hole, and running into a barrel, which was thrown down upon its side, and in which the hen's nest was, at once seized the egg out upon the ground, then laid down on its back, and, getting the egg between its fore-paws and nose, commenced squealing, when two other rats came out, and taking the rat with the egg by the hind legs, dragged it—egg and all—into the hole. The lady affirms that she can substantiate the foregoing fact by at least three living witnesses. If any one can tell a more remarkable rat story than this we would like to hear it.

A letter was received at the Treasury Department recently from a banker at Baden-Baden, enclosing a bill of exchange on New York for \$5,000 gold, with a statement that it is from a former cousin of the United States who desires to make anonymous restitution to the United States Treasury.

The Professor on Bret Harte-ism.

A bright, cheery library-room. Walls lined with book-shelves. Not a foot of space for a picture anywhere, except over the mantel, where is a photograph of Roman ruins. A bright fire of coals and coal-burning in the grate. A large library table with extended leaves clustered all over with books, papers, and pamphlets in charming confusion. Three or four easy chairs, newspapers in one, a pile of pamphlets in a second, the Professor himself in a third, leaning his slippers feet before the fire, and brilliant in his bright figured dressing gown. This is the Professor's sanctum as it presents itself to my eye on entering this stormy evening for my accustomed conversation about the literature of the week. For the Professor is exceedingly fond of books. They are his meat and drink; almost his wife and children. He is an omnivorous devourer of literature, and what is more, digests what he devours; and I count it no small privilege to be able to spend, as I usually do, an evening a week in his fellowship, getting his best thoughts on the best books of the hour.

"What have you there, Professor?" I say to him, as soon as our greetings are over and I am established in my corner.

He hands me a this duodecimo, and I read the title, "Poems by Bret Harte. James R. Osgood & Co."

"And what do you think of Bret Harte?" said I.

"Bret Harte," replied the Professor, "is a very fair though not an extraordinary great poet. There is a good deal of real merit in his verses; but Bret Harte-ism is simply abominable."

"What do you mean by Bret Harte-ism?"

"This new literature that endeavors to make slang respectable by giving it poetic expression, that endeavors to redeem profanity from the curse of God and the abhorrence of all good men, by putting it in the mouths of heroes, and that canines ripping, tearing, cursing, swearing whom you and I would not admit into our parlors."

"You speak warmly, Professor," said I.

"I feel warmly," said the Professor.

"For every new step in this direction is a new degradation of American literature. And yet few seem to feel it, or at least to protest against it. Have you read Jim Blodsoe?" he continued. "A profane, whiskey-drinking, rough-and-tumble engineer, a lecherous rascal, with two or three wives at different points on the river, a man ready for a fight at any hour on the slightest provocation, or on none at all, a man painted, I verily believe, a deal thicker than ordinary reality would justify, is canonized, and sent straight to heaven, because when his boot catches fire, he does not add cowardice to all his other vices, and desert his engine."

"But you must admit, Professor," said I, "that his heroism is commendable."

"Unquestionably," replied the Professor.

"U. Pecosoff is to be commended for not swearing, and Amindab Sleek for not getting drunk. But it is an old proverb that 'one swallow does not make a summer; and one enter does not make a saint. And I enter my protest, or would it if it were any use, against this scandalous literature, worse than any of that of the Greeks; for the deified real heroes, and we are deifying vulgar sham."

"Is Bret Harte the author of Jim Blodsoe?" I asked.

"No," said the Professor. "And Bret Harte is not responsible for Bret Harte-ism, except as every man is held responsible for his following. He is no more responsible for Bret Harte-ism than John Calvin is for a good deal of mis-called Calvinism."

"In fact," concluded the Professor, "he has written some very charming verses, and proved his capability of doing better than the slang which has run the circuit of the papers over his name. I prophesy that in twelve months the 'poems in dialect' will fall into the well-merited oblivion which has already overtaken Hans Breitman. I hope for his other poems a more permanent life."

—Christian Weekly.

False Hair.

According to an English paper the wearing of false hair is no new fashion. There is a wig in the British Museum the date of which, we believe, has never been fixed, and which might have been worn by Joseph's Parosh; it is certainly handsome enough to adorn any potentate. The Roman emperors, whose busts abound in all galleries of sculpture, can never have had such marvelous coiffures built up without additions to the natural material. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries every European gentleman who respected himself wore the most voluminous wig he could buy; nay, only sixty or seventy years ago our forefathers adopted one as soon as they began to grow gray or bald, and their wives at the same period of life donned the brown horror of the "front," which many of us can remember. Is false hair more dangerous at the back of the head than on the forehead? or is it the mere name change which evokes the present terror? As long as hair is regarded as an ornament, and as long as the infirmities of nature deny it to many, false tresses will be more or less employed.

FRANCE.—The Red Republicans have for some time had possession of Paris. Confusion and uncertainty prevail. An attempt to regain control of the capital, it is thought, will be made by the Versailles Government.

Marcellus refuses to join in the movements of the Paris revolutionists. The Germans are evacuating France, but with irregularity—there still being many of their troops in the country.

A case of small-pox appeared among the students of Princeton College, N. J., and as the end of the college term was near the faculty decided to dismiss the classes at once.

Of one hundred men who are born, fifty die before the tenth year, twenty between the tenth and twentieth, ten between the twentieth and thirtieth, six between the thirtieth and fortieth, five between the fortieth and sixtieth; therefore, six only live to above the age of sixty.

IMMENSE LOSS OF CATTLE BY DISSEMINATION IN ENGLAND.—It appears from tabular statements taken from Morton's Almanac, that the loss from lung disease, and foot and mouth disease, in England, during the last thirty years, is estimated at 5,549,780 head of cattle, and valued at four hundred and eighteen million, eighty-four thousand, and two hundred and seventy dollars.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is "stone belacked." For hundreds of miles, as like a rapid stream, it flows from beneath your feet, it resembles the paved streets of a city. There is no sign of earth on it, and dust is a thing unknown.

A premium HORN & WAGON for Agents. We
 are to employ agents for a term of seven years, to
 sell the Buckeye Sewing Machine. It is a
 makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best
 & priced licensed machine in the world. W. A.
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 Missouri. junal-ly

WIT AND HUMOR.

EXCITING.

As I walked thinking thro' a little grove,
Some girls that gathered flowers kept passing me,
Saying "Look here! look there!" delight-
edly.
"Oh, here it is!" "What's that?" "A
lily, love."
"And there are violets."
"Further for roses." "Oh, the lovely petals—
The darling beauties! Oh, the lovely thorns!
Look here, my hand's all torn!"
"What's that that jumps?" "Oh don't, it's
a greenbepper!"
"Come run, come run,
Here's bluebells!" "Oh, what fun!"
"Not that way! Stop her!"
"Yes, this way!" "Punch them, then!"
"Oh, I've found mushrooms! Oh, look
here!" "Oh, I'm
Quite sure that farther on we'll get wild
thyme."
"Oh, we shall stay too long, it's going to
rain!"
There's lightning, oh, there's thunder!
"Will it rain hard, I wonder?"
"I feel so funny!" "Hush!"
"Why, where, what is it then?" "Ah! in
that bush!"
So every girl here knocks it, shakes it,
shocks it,
Till with the stir they make
Out skurries a great snake.
"Oh, Lord! oh me! alack! oh me! alack!"
They scream, and then all run and scream
again,
And then a heavy drops comes down the
rain,
Each running at the other in a fright,
Each trying to get before the other, and
crying
And flying, stumbling, tumbling, wrong or
right;
One sees her knee
There where her foot should be;
One has her hands and dress
All smothered up with mud in a fine mess;
And one gets trampled on by two or three.
What's gathered is let fall
About the wood and not picked up at all.
The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the
ground;
And still as screaming, bustling without rest,
They run this way and that, and round and
round,
She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.
I stood quite still to have a perfect view,
And never noticed till I got wet through.

A Fresh "Salt."

A suspicious character, arrested for theft,
said, on examination, that he was a cooper
by trade.
When asked by the alderman how long
since he had worked at his trade, he replied,
"Eighteen months."
Alderman—What have you been doing
since?
Prisoner—Going to sea.
Alderman—Where to?
Prisoner—From New York to Liverpool,
in the ship *Carolina* Grinnell, Capt. Spencer.
Alderman—Can you box the compass?
(Name the points of the compass in their
order.)
Prisoner—Yes, sir.
Alderman—Well, do it.
This was a stumper to the assumed "salt."
He hesitated for a moment, and then stam-
mered: "But—sir, I haven't my tools!"
He was committed.

A Smokey Chimney.

"You ought to have seen my chimney—
you ought to have seen my chimney, sir!
Smoke! Humph! I wish I may hang if—
Mr. Jones, you remember that chimney?
You must remember that chimney! I am
telling you nothing but the truth, and I wish
I may never draw another breath if that
chimney didn't smoke so that the smoke
actually got *into* it, and I had to dig it out
with a pickaxe. You may smile, gentlemen,
but the High Sheriff's got a bunk of it which
I dug out before his eyes, and so it's per-
fectly easy for you to go and examine for
yourselves."

ON Sterne's entering a coffee-room at
York a concited fellow, staring him full in
the face, said he hated a person; upon
which Sterne said, "And so, sir, does my
dog; for as soon as I put on my gown and
coat he commences to bark." "Indeed!"
replied the offender; "how long has he
done so?" "Ever since he was a puppy,
sir," answered Sterne, "and I still look
upon him as one."

"SIDNEY GODOLPHIN," said Charles I.,
speaking of one of his courtiers. "Is an
admirable man; he is never in the way and
never out of the way."

A Natural Curiosity.

In Monroe county, Pennsylvania, there is
a remarkable natural curiosity, consisting of
a subterranean pond of several acres in
extent, and of great depth. This pond is
covered by about six feet in depth of black
earth, which supports a heavy growth of
timber, consisting mostly of soft maple,
pine, hemlock, and birch. Last fall it was
discovered that this subterranean pond con-
tained many fish, of the kinds usually found in
ponds in this part of the country—pickering
and "shiners" among others—but all without
eyes! Over this pond runs the track of the
New Jefferson Railroad. Almost ever since
its construction it has been subject to a great
deal of trouble and expense caused by the
sinking away of that portion of the road
running over the pond or swamp. Several
times the track has utterly sunk from view,
and in one or two cases trains barely es-
caped a similar fate. About a mile from
this pond is another one, known as Bull
Pond, which is also growing over. A con-
siderable portion of it has become subter-
ranean within the last twenty years, and in
all probability, before many years, it will be
entirely covered like the other. This pond
is about twenty acres in extent. For some
distance from the shore it is filled with a
dense growth of water lilies, and these no
doubt furnish the foundation on which the
superstructure of earth is commenced.
Should this pond become completely cov-
ered, the fish in its waters will probably be-
come eyeless.

THE PRESENT ART OF POETRY.—
Write a profusion of rhythmic and me-
trical nonsense, amidst which, at distant
intervals, here and there introduce an intelli-
gible line. The fullest idea therein ex-
pressed will shine like a star amid surround-
ing darkness.—London Punch.



BEHIND THE SCENE.

(The bachelor friends of Benedict have just taken their departure.)

BENEDICT (who has married Money, and still smarts under some of the consequences.)
"Oh, I say, Mary Ann, I wish to goodness you wouldn't put me in public. I don't so
much mind it—when we're alone; but before a lot of fellows, hang it all, you know!"
MARY ANN (who is up in Mr. Anthony Trollope's)—"And why not, my Phoebe? Should
not a woman glory in her love?"
BENEDICT—"Oh, bother!"

RELEASE MY HEART.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

O love! my soul is sighing, sighing,
And my sad heart is ever crying
To thee, my love, my love
For liberty 'tis pining, dying;
Release it, O my love!

O! cannot thou wonder that I am sighing,
And plead to thee to hush my crying
With what thy heart could give,
When I am dying, slowly dying,
And 'twere so sweet to live!

Eben Clark; Or, Tit-For-Tat.

BY JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D.

It is pleasant perhaps, or perhaps it is
painful for one to live over the scenes of his
childhood. I go back to my boyhood days
with a good deal of satisfaction, though I
never was permitted to be much of a child,
my father always endeavoring in his rela-
tions to, and his intercourse with me, to
turn me into a premature man, and in order
to do it to give me associations foreign to
childhood. But there were passages in my
life that so clearly partook of the elements of
boyhood, that I often think of them very
pleasantly.

There lived near to my father, a family by
the name of Clark. The father was an
earnest man, but poor. He had the faculty
of not getting on in the world. I judge now
that his incapacity was owing largely to the
influence over him of his wife, she being a
slatternly, spendthrift, thinking "out of his
window with a spoon," what he earned, faster
than he could bring it on a shovel. There
were six or seven children in the house, and
as in almost every family, so in this, there
was one genius. I doubt whether there can
easily be found any family in which there
are born and grown up five or more children,
where there is not within the group one
smarter than all the rest, and not in-
frequently smarter than either of the pa-
rents.

In this family Eben Clark was the smart
one. To him was committed "the oracles
of truth" belonging to that family. A re-
markable boy, he grew up to be a remark-
able man. He had great wit, fine humor,
good intellectual capacity, and most wonder-
ful gifts of inspiration. His physique was
peculiar. At the time when the incident
that I am about to relate took place, he had
reached his growth. He was about six feet
in height, weighed 175 pounds, had swarthy
skin, eyes as black as obscurity, hair as
shiny and wavy and as black as the purest
Spanish, a broad chin, large nose with open
nostrils, quite wide at its opening. The up-
per part of his body was nearly featureless
unless exception be taken to the fact that he
was very slightly round shouldered. His
weakest point was his loins. Had he been
as strongly built there as above or below he
would have been Samson. His hair was
a source of great admiration to me. I used
to envy his possession. It always seemed
to be glossy, and would curl when of any
length. My hair was brown, fine, but
straight, and was always dry.

One day I said to him—
"Eben, what do you do to your hair to
make it so shiny?"
"Why, Jim," he replied, "if you will not
tell anybody, I will tell you."
"I will not," I rejoined.
"Then," said he, "I will tell you. I put
on to it once or twice a week some boiled
linseed oil."

We had a man painting for us at that time,
so I got some linseed oil, and before I went
to bed I bathed my head in it as I was di-
rected. My father being as invalid, and
having to have some member of the family
in his room, I was deployed to that
duty. After I went to bed, having first ap-
plied the linseed oil, my father said to me,
"My son, what is it that smells so of linseed
oil?"

I said inquiringly, "Is it not the paint?"
This seemed to impress him as possibly
the right explanation, and he replied, "I
guess it is."

Once or twice in the night he woke up,
and said to me, "There is so strong a smell
of linseed oil, it seems as though there must
be some of it in the room."

I got through the night, however, and in
the morning when I got up I put my hand
upon my head and my hair was glossy and
curled as tight and as smooth as the sur-
face of a glass bottle. Instantly I knew
that Eben had played a trick on me. I de-
termined if I could to hinder him from

knowing of his success, so as I was an early
riser, I went into the kitchen and got some
hot water, and went to the sink, and I took
some soft soap, rubbed it all over my head,
and, after a deal of labor, I softened the
greasy oil, and gradually washed it out of
my hair. I succeeded in getting it clean
before anybody else was up in the house.
So when Eben arose and came down stairs,
he looked at me, and said, "Jim, how is
your hair this morning?"

I said, "I never knew it so soft. I am so
glad you told me about it. I am going to
keep putting it on until I succeed, if I can,
in making my hair as glossy as yours is."
"That is right," said he. "Put it on
every night, and you will find that after
while you will have your reward," and I
saw the humor in the sly twinkle of his eye.
Whether he suspected I had found him out
or not I could not tell. But I went about as
if nothing had happened, waiting for my
turn, which came before a great while.

In those days everybody drank some sort
of spirituous liquor. My father had the
practice of having his men take their biters
three times a day, always just before their
meals. His biters were made of whiskey,
with tansy in it, or with a weed which popu-
larly, in our region, went by the name of
"Oswego biters," or, with some, bitter
bark, or bitter gum, which he got out of a
drug store. This beverage was put into a
stout, blue junk-bottle, which was set upon
the table with a wine glass by it, and each
man helped himself to as much as he want-
ed to drink before he sat down to his meal.
Eben Clark was not generally a drinker,
but occasionally he would drink. One morn-
ing, not long after my linseed oil operation,
as I was dressing myself in my father's
room, I heard the steps of a person coming
down the kitchen stairs. I opened the door
into the kitchen and saw it was Eben. He
began to move about, and, seeing me, brook-
ed to me. I came to him, and he said,
"Where is the whiskey bottle?"

I said, "In the pantry, on the shelf where
we always keep it."

Said he, "I must have a drink; I do not
feel well."

I said nothing. He turned and went to
the pantry, and I followed him. There
happened to be, to my knowledge, standing
on the same shelf, and close by the whiskey
bottle, a bottle of spirits of turpentine. In
his haste to get a drink he did not stop to
smell, and thus distinguish between the two,
but pulled the cork and put the bottle to his
lips and began to drink. As long as he was
swallowing he did not taste the difference,
so he took two or three good swallows. I
should have warned him had I known the
danger, but I only thought that when he
came to smack his lips he would be disgusted
with his drink, and then I calculated to play
off on him. When he brought his lips to-
gether, so as to acquire actively the sense of
taste, he turned and looked at me, and said,
"What, in Heaven's name, have I been
drinking?"

"Ben, you have been drinking linseed oil.
If you drink it every morning, for a week
or two, it will make your hair as glossy as
mine."

"Good Lord! Jim," said he, "I've been
drinking spirits of turpentine, and it will
kill me. Do ask your father what I shall
do."

This frightened me a little and I ran to
my father and told him that Ben had been drink-
ing out of the spirits of turpentine bottle.
With the coolness that always characterized
him he said,

"Run and tell him to put some mustard
from the cruet into a teacup and pour some
hot water upon it from the tea-kettle and
drink it as quickly as he can."

The door was open and Ben heard him.
Out came the mustard into the teacup, out
came the water into a teacup, round went
his upon and top of his turpentine he took
a good mustard emetic. It had scarcely
touched his stomach before reaction came,
and he ran to the outside door and vomited
severely. This probably saved his life. He
had drunk at least a gill to a half of tur-
pentine. As it was, it made him sick for a
fortnight, acting like a most powerful diar-
rhetic upon him. After it was all over with
I met him. Even in his anger there was al-
ways a vein of humor. Taking me by the
collar he said, "Jim, you little scamp, why
didn't you stop me when I drank that tur-
pentine? It might have killed me."

I said, "Ben, how should I know, who am
nothing but a boy, more of the effects of
turpentine than you do, who are a man? I
didn't think it would hurt you. I only
thought it would have a good joke on you. I
had been thinking for a whole week how I
could pay you off for your linseed oil joke
on me."

Said he, "Jim, how was your hair in the
morning when you got up?"
Said I, "It was as smooth as a glass bottle,
Ben," and he sat back and laughed as hard
as he could laugh. I joined with him. When
he stopped laughing I said to him.

"Ben, how was your stomach when you
got the turpentine down, and the mustard
on top of it?" He laid back and laughed
again, then called me to him and said,

"Let us be friends, better than ever. I
will not play another practical joke on you,
and do you never stand by and let me play
another such practical joke on myself."
—Lance of Life.

Transplanting Evergreens.

A correspondent of the *Ploughman* says,
"When is the best time to set out evergreen
trees? A few years since I transplanted a
lot of pines about the first of May. The
work was done with considerable care, but
the trees all died."

The best time to transplant evergreens is
just as the buds begin to swell and to put
forth, which is later considerably than with
most deciduous trees. Midsummer is the
period of most rapid growth of the pines
and the conifers generally, and if you could
be sure of a spell of rainy weather at that
season, it would be decidedly the best time,
but if the transplanting is done then and a
dry and hot time follows, no amount of
watering seems to suit their case. We have
therefore fixed upon the time when the buds
begin to swell, because at that time the
trees when set out start at once into active
growth, sending out fibrous roots, and as
soon as these shoot out the tree is safe. It
will not do to set them out while the fibrous
roots are in a state of inactivity, as is the
case in early spring. They will be likely to
perish. In this respect they differ from the
class of deciduous trees. Their tenacity of
life is less, undoubtedly, than in the decidu-
ous trees, but greater care is required in the
operation of transplanting, to keep the
roots fresh and moist while they are out of
the ground. They must be kept moist, and
hence it is best to select a drizzly time near
the last of May or early in June.

It is best also in taking them up to save
as many of the fibrous roots as possible.
They depend on them for an immediate
active growth, more than upon the large tap
root. Toward the end of May the soil has
become a little warmed, so that as soon as
you see signs of activity in the buds you
may know it is time to begin. You cannot
transplant these trees in the fall as you can
others. Avoid the fall and the very early
spring.

Marriage.

If a man now-a-days does not marry young,
he is likely not to marry at all, because, the
older he grows, the more widely diverge his
ideas from those of womanhood, the greater
violence must marriage do to his habits, and
the less tractable he becomes to the harness.
It is just possible, however, that the an-
tagonisms which so largely prevent marriage
may be a wise order of Nature. If matrimony
were a smooth primrose-path of ease
and pleasure, and no repulsion existed to
keep men and women apart, everybody
would marry, and the result of this would
be an alarming increase of the population.
Darwin, in his last work, enters into a cal-
culation to show that a people of twenty-
five millions, which should multiply at a rate
of increase that would double the population
every twenty-five years, would in a little
over six hundred years become so numerous,
that the entire earth's surface would only
afford a square yard of ground for every
four persons. It will not do, obviously, for
everybody to hasten to the altar. Those
who for any reason remain celibates may
congratulate themselves that their chance
for happiness has been at least even; for the
Greek philosopher tells us that, whether a
man marries or not, he is sure to regret it;
and Talleyrand, taking the other view of
the matter, congratulated a bachelor as a
lucky fellow, and a Benedict as a happy dog.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON is well known in
this country as the English minister resi-
dent, and no man connected with the foreign
legations is more respected and beloved by
our people. He came here an untitled man,
having served for many years in various di-
plomatic positions in different parts of the
world. At the time Prince Arthur was in
this country he came more immediately
under the eye of his Sovereign, and she was
so pleased with the treatment of her son,
and remembering at the same time her great
obligations to him as a subject, that she
knighted him, and now we have in the place
of plain Mr. Thornton, "Sir Edward;" and
well he becomes the title, not that he is any
different from plain Mr. Thornton, for Na-
ture made him a nobleman in the beginning,
but the Queen, with her poor eyes, could
not see it until a royal sprig was a guest
under his hospitable roof. After all, the
Queen only loaned him a title. It is hinted
when Sir Edward becomes a peer. His boy
will be plain Mr. Thornton, and all the better
for that. Minister Thornton, like the
late Sir Frederic Bruce, has a most distin-
guished personal presence, owing to his ma-
jestic height and graceful manners. Then
he retains that exquisite purity of com-
plexion for which the English belles are
celebrated, and our American climate, so
conducive to parchment and wrinkles, labors
upon his handsome face in vain.

AGRICULTURAL.

Charcoal in the Dairy.

The power of milk to absorb the noxious
gases and odors from the atmosphere is
known to every dairyman, and this power
extends also to all productions made from
milk, be they cream, butter or cheese.
Much of the bad flavor in butter and cheese
is not caused so much by anything derived
from the cow, or the food which she eats,
as by the odors imparted either to the milk
after it is drawn, or to the cheese after it is
made, and before it is put in the cloth and
rendered impervious to atmospheric influ-
ence. Hence the necessity of the greatest
efforts being made, not only to keep the
dairy and every utensil used, in a state of
perfect cleanliness, but also the attendants
should be in every way cleanly in person,
and the air kept pure and uncontaminated
by any odors whatever. To do this, charcoal,
finely powdered, is probably the best and
cheapest article that can be used. It is ca-
pable, when fresh, of absorbing sixty times
its own volume of ammonia or other gases,
which can again be driven out of the char-
coal by the application of heat. How much
charcoal is necessary, and where it can best
be placed in the dairy, so as to absorb all
noxious gases, are points yet to be establish-

ed by experience, and we only throw out
the idea in order that dairymen may make a
note of it, and find out for themselves, by
experimenting, the best ways and means of
employing charcoal as an absorbent deodor-
izer in the milk-room, the cheese-room, or
any other part of the dairy establishment.
—Boston Cultivator.

Measuring Corn.

J. F. Lawrence, in *The Vermont Farmer*,
says:—"In raising corn, I always break up
my land late in the fall, and spread upon it
the composted manure, made by drawing
muck into my yards the fall previous, cover-
ing it slightly with rotted turf, upon which
my cattle are kept during pleasant weather
in winter, and nights during the next sum-
mer. This system is much cheaper and
better for the land than measuring in the
hill, and the freeing and shawing of winter
and spring carry the strength of the manure
into the soil just deep enough for the corn
the next summer. In spring time, I put a
large spoonful of super-phosphate into the
hill, and I never have failed to raise good
corn. The saving of expense in handling
over manure in busy spring time will almost
pay the expense of the super-phosphate, and
I have always raised better corn with my
manure spread in the fall than if spread in
the spring, when it is often dried too much
to be of value to the corn, if not for all the
future, by the hot sunshine and drying winds
of June and July.

A Safe Example.

England to-day is spreading upon her fields
fertilizers from every section of the world.
One ship is bringing her guano from the Pe-
ruvian coast for her hood crops and grain;
another is bringing her fish crop from her
fisheries; while the whole world is a field
wherein she is collecting bones, to return to
her soil the phosphates which a long and
careless system of farming had extracted
from it. In an agricultural sense, England
is herself again, and it is a shame and a dis-
grace to us if we cannot profit by her his-
tory, and not wait until we are in the con-
dition she was a century ago before we avail
ourselves of all the means within our power
to keep our soil as fertile certainly as when
transmitted to us by our fathers.

A CHANGING—Public sentiment is being
changed in a radical manner as to farm pro-
ducts and stock. More pork, more beef,
more butter and cheese; and fewer sheep,
fewer acres of wheat, and less hay to sell,
are now the words in every farmer's mouth.
With such a change, fruit prospects will not
suffer, but will be all the better.

THE RIDDLE.

Riddle.

I am composed of five letters.
Omit my 1st and I am a curvatore.
My 4, 5, 2, 3, is to burn.
My 2, 3, 1, belongs to the body.
My 4, 2, 3, is a vehicle.
My 4, 5, 2, 3, 1, is a tallman or spell.
My 5, 2, 3, 1, is something unwholesome or
injurious.
My 3, 2, 1, is an animal.
My 5, 2, 1, is cured meat.
My 1, 2, 3, is to prevent or impair.
My whole is the herald of brightness to
come, and though rough in itself, ever
awakens pleasant anticipations of cheerfulness
and beauty hastening to greet us.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

My 1st is in far, but not in near.
My 2d is in boat, but not in steer.
My 3d is in roan, but not in bay.
My 4th is in orram, but not in whey.
My 5th is in dinner, but not in noon.
My 6th is in star, but not in moon.
My whole is the name of a legion strong,
To the toughened ranks of which I belong.
BOS.

Problem.

Three towns, X, Y and Z, are so situated
that Y is 40 miles due East of X, and Z is 30
miles due North of Y. A starts from X and
travels directly toward Y, at the rate of 4
miles per hour, and at precisely the same
time B starts from Z and travels directly for
X at the rate of 5 miles per hour. How
many hours must elapse from the time of
starting until B is just Northwest of A?
—R. B. H. YOUNG.

Coultersville, Butler Co., Pa.

Prize Palindrome.

The prize offered by Mr. Artemas Martin
for the best original Palindrome in *THE
POST* of January 21, is awarded to H. R.
Spink, Mason City, Iowa, for the following
Palindrome:—
Repel evil as a live leper.

Mr. Spink also furnished four other good
Palindromes.
Two of the competitors sent in well known
old Palindromes. Perhaps they do not know
what "original" means.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between an
anion and sea-sickness? Ans.—One is a
sail of effects, and the other the effects of a
sail.
Why are bees a commercial frater-
nity? Ans.—Because they call their honey.
By what means can blies be made
painful? Ans.—Drop one letter and add
three, and blies becomes blister.
COIN BY AN OLD HUNTER.—Which dogs
allies goes in pairs? Spaniels.
Which dog can printers like best? The
setter.
Which is the most unbending dog? The
mastiff.
Which dog would you recommend hair-dye
to? The greyhound.
Which reptile would drivers prefer? The
whip-snake.
Which would boys and girls rather be?
The hoop-snake.
Which is best for watchmen? The rat-
tlesnake.
Which does injures most make use of?
The moccasin snake.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—Invention of the Volcanic In-
sultory by Alexander Volta of Pavia.

RIDDLE.—Bible.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

P	POMP	P
A	AVALLANCHE	E
E	REGALIA	A
I	IAMBUS	C
S	STONEKING	N